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MARCH / APRIL 2021

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Unity & Love ISSUE

EMBRACING OUR DIFFERENCES & SPREADING THE LOVE

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SHADOW DANCING
HERB SCHATTEN'S SENSUAL PORTRAITS OF LIGHT

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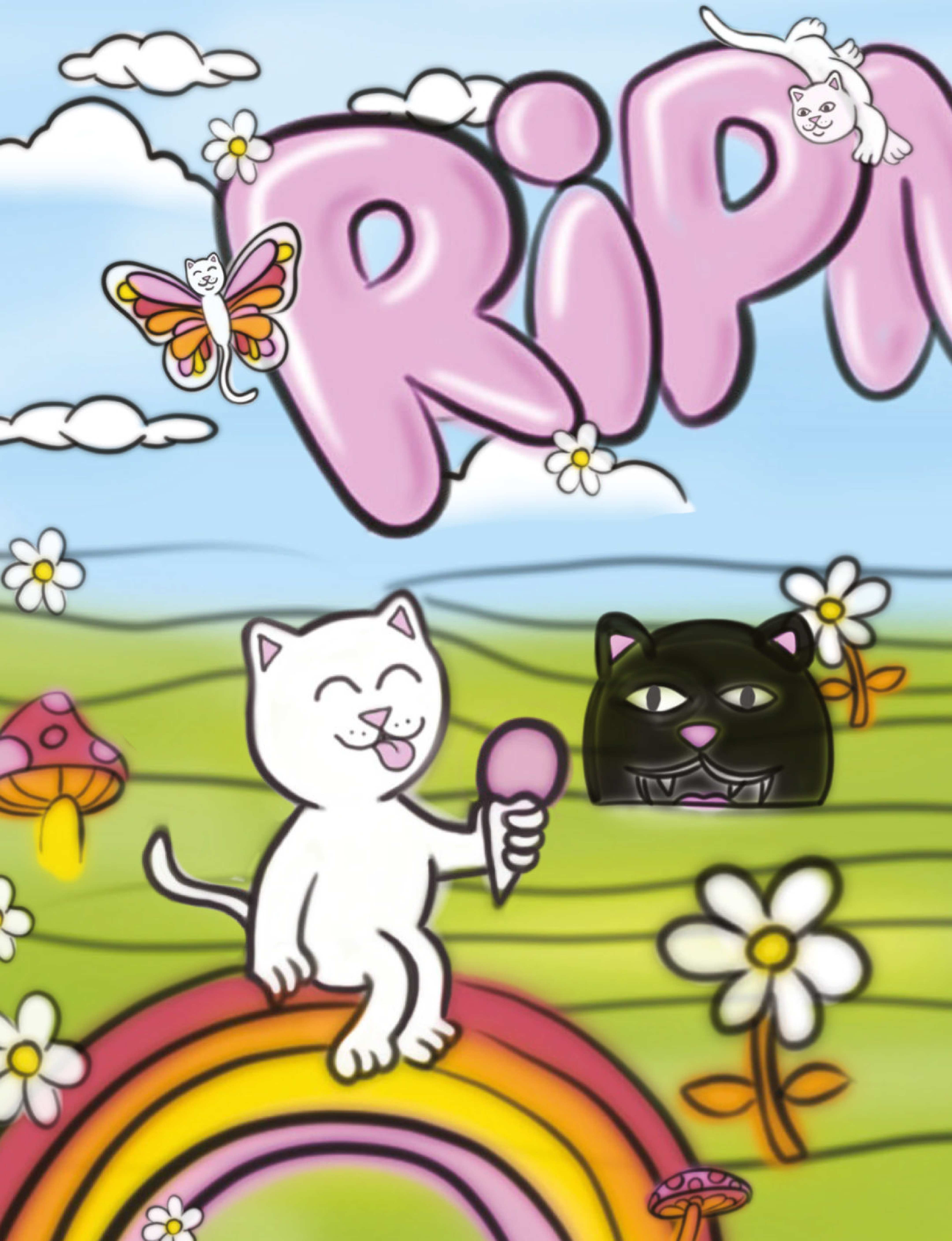
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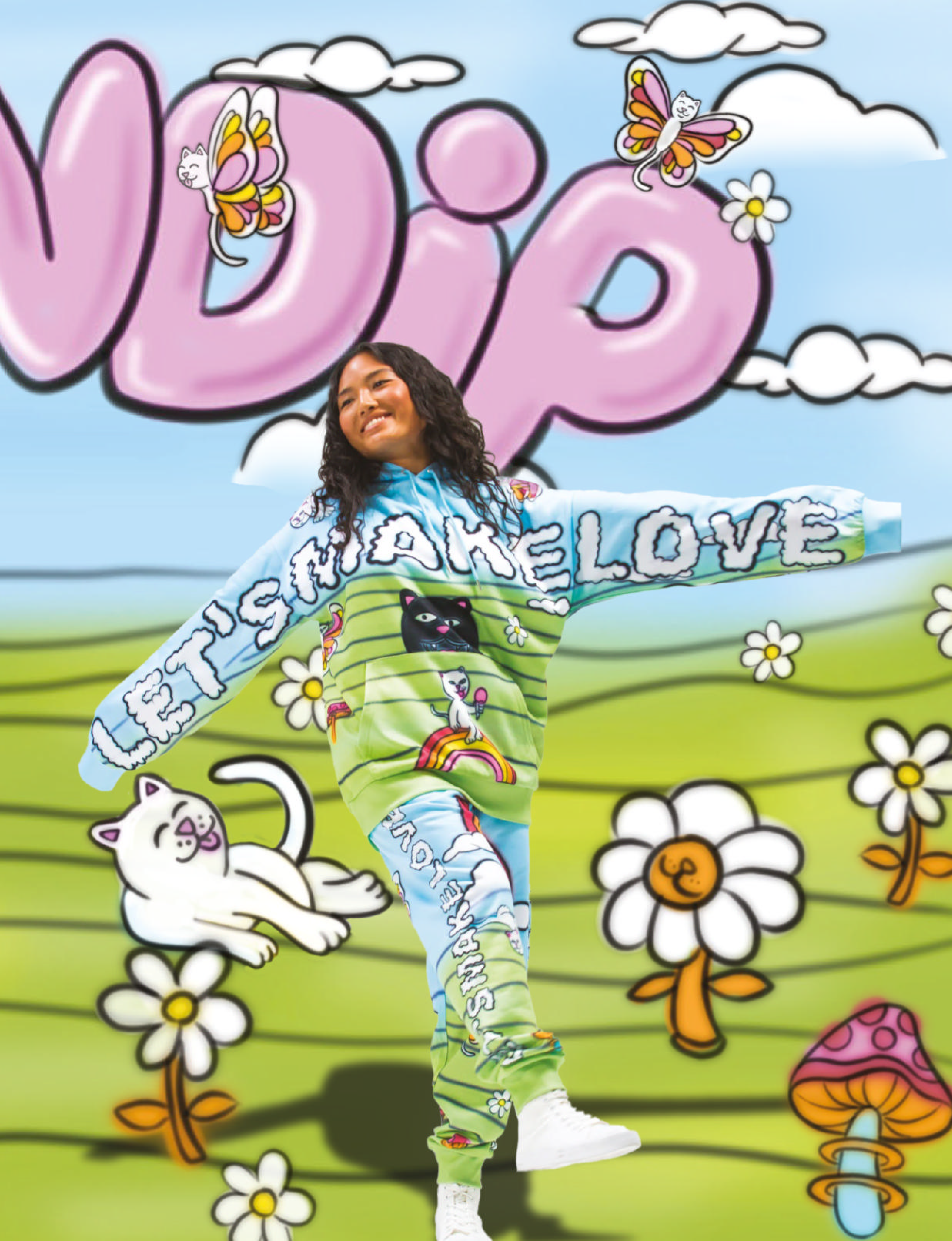
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WHAT ARE YOUR PLANS TONIGHT?
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FROM THE EDITOR

WELL, we all hung in there through some pretty dark and challenging times, and now things are looking a little brighter, finally! We've waved goodbye to winter and are welcoming spring—the perfect time for reinvention. As the weather warms up, it's never been more important to keep your cool, and *Penthouse* has you covered!

In this issue, we've got style to make sure you turn heads and plenty of sexy pics to keep you entertained, including those of Lacey London and Riley Anne.

Our feature, Treasure the Erotic, showcases the stunning and unique sculptures of Colin Burn, an inspirational jeweler who has created work that's out of this world. Turn to page 94 to check out his art.

In Embrace The Suck, U.S. Army veteran and novelist Matt Gallagher checks in with the men with whom he went to war—11 years after their return from Iraq—and proves that some bonds don't fade over time.

Media pundit Anomaly talks politics in this issue's interview, and in Arthouse, we examine the sexual psyche of digital collage artist Pierre Schmidt.

Debrief will bring you up to speed with a new sex education series and weird news from around the world, including the tale of a horny tortoise!

In Flashback, we admire famous burlesque dancer and pinup Dita Von Teese, and Penthouse Forum offers the best—and worst—of our readers' fantasies!

And as always, we bring you the best in men's fashion.

With so much to enjoy, this issue of *Penthouse* will be your perfect warm-up to the new season.

Enjoy!

TEAM PENTHOUSE

PENTHOUSE PETS
RILEY ANNE & LACEY LONDON

PENTHOUSE

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The best and worst of our readers' fantasies for your enjoyment

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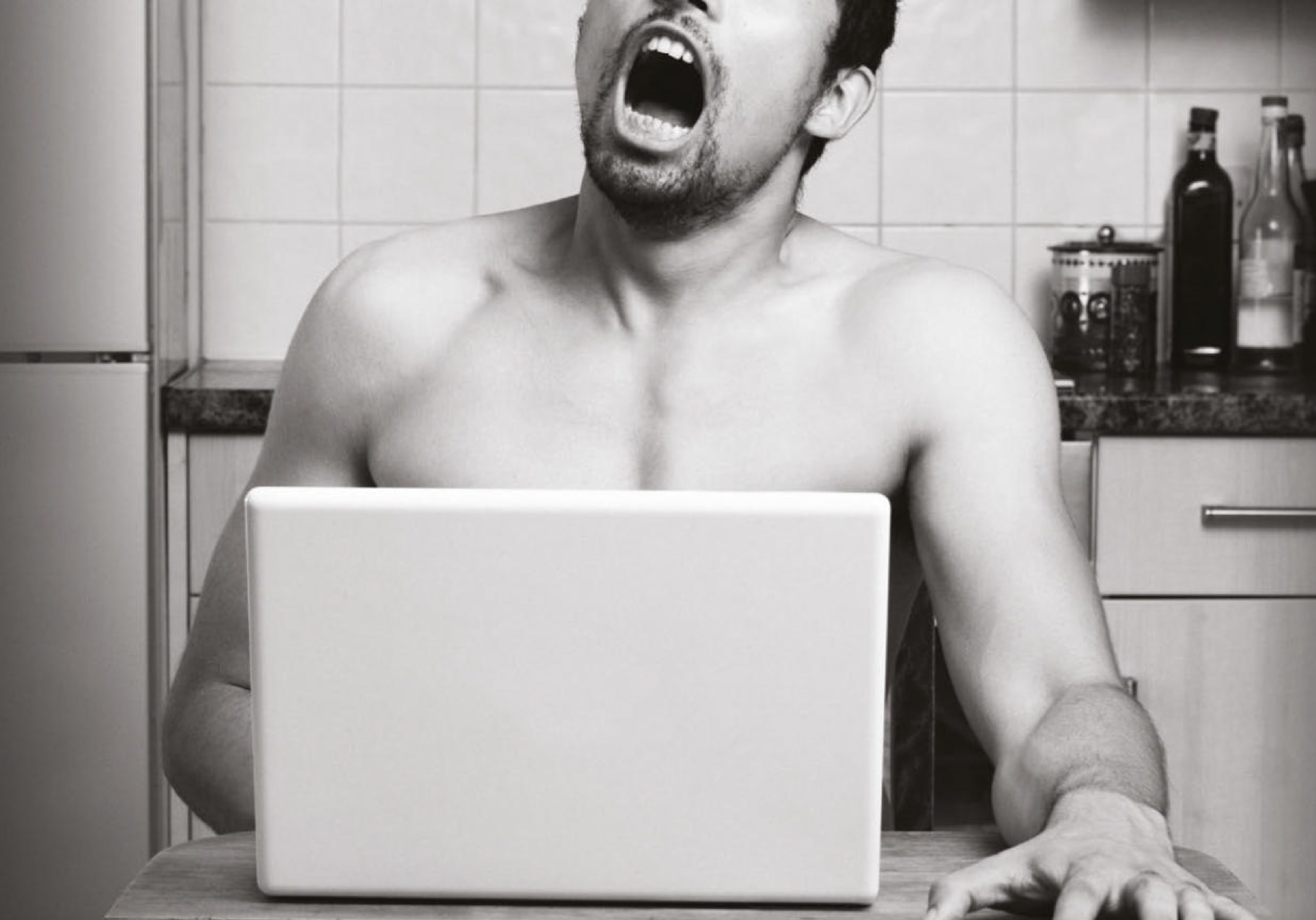
DEBRIEF

PORNHUB RELEASES A SEX EDUCATION SERIES, SECONDHAND CONDOMS FOR SALE AND A HOT-TO-TROT TORTOISE

CREDIT: DEAGREEZ



WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

The Year is 2021, and People Are Using Toothpaste as Lube

A DOCTOR has urged the public not to use toothpaste as a sexual lubricant after multiple people described their harrowing accounts online.

Multiple Reddit users have shared their experiences using toothpaste in lieu of lube. One user says he felt a burning sensation after applying the toothpaste to masturbate, and that several days later his manhood was red and covered in scabs.

Another person says his penis became irritated after he accidentally got toothpaste on his genitals in the shower—before masturbating while covered in toothpaste.

"I started stroking my cock in excitement—it felt good, kind of minty," he says.

"I continued for a few more minutes, and there was a creeping sensation of pain (like friction burn)—so I thought it just means I need more toothpaste lube."

He explains he thought the mild pain would pass, but it continued to get worse over several days, resulting in chemical burns.

We can't believe it's 2021 and we have to say this, but please do not use toothpaste to masturbate. Toothpaste can contain bleaching agents, peppermint and scented oils that can cause irritation and skin damage. One common ingredient in toothpaste is calcium carbonate, which is an abrasive used for grinding and polishing.

If you find yourself in need of a wank with only toothpaste at your disposal, resist the urge and know that maybe it's just not mint to be.

CREDIT: LOLOSTOCK / MALERAPASO

Romp, Rinse, Repeat

VIETNAMESE police have seized more than 345,000 used condoms that were intended to be illegally resold to unsuspecting customers.

Market inspectors raided a warehouse near Ho Chi Minh City, where they discovered used condoms being repacked for sale. The condoms would be boiled in water and reshaped with wooden dildos under unhygienic conditions before being repackaged and resold. Footage showed police seizing dozens of bags, weighing a whopping 794 pounds.

The owner of the factory, a 34-year-old woman, confessed the company bought the used prophylactics from an unidentified man in the area and received a "monthly input" from him. How one man came to obtain more than 300,000 used condoms remains a mystery.

The kicker? No one knows just how many of these previously loved condoms were sold before the bust.

We're all for saving the planet, but this level of recycling seems extreme.

Vietnamese police say their investigation is ongoing, and it's unclear when they will wrap it up.

CREDIT: BINH DUONG'S MARKET MANAGEMENT / DNY59 / MICHAEL BLANN

SOMETHING DOESN'T ALADDIN UP

TWO fraudsters have been arrested after conning a doctor into spending close to $100,000 for an Aladdin's lamp, officials say.

It's alleged the pair conjured up a fake genie to trick their victim into handing over wads of cash in Uttar Pradesh, India.

The unsuspecting mark, Laeek Khan, says one of the men pretended to be an occultist and made a supernatural-like figure appear from the lamp.

Khan bought the supposedly magical lamp for a cool seven million rupees ($93,000) after being promised it would bring him a lifetime of health, wealth and good fortune, cops say.

Khan contacted the police after figuring out the "genie" was just one of the men in disguise and that his lamp was not of the wish-granting kind.

Senior police offer Amit Ray says it's not the first time the trickers have sold a non-magical lamp and adds, "The men have also cheated other families using the same modus operandi. The total amount of money involved runs into several million rupees."

I guess you could say Khan was taken for a magic carpet ride.

Super Fly for an Old Guy

WE'VE all been annoyed by a bug or a fly at some point or another, but one man has accidentally blown up his own kitchen while trying to kill a crafty fly with an electric bug zapper.

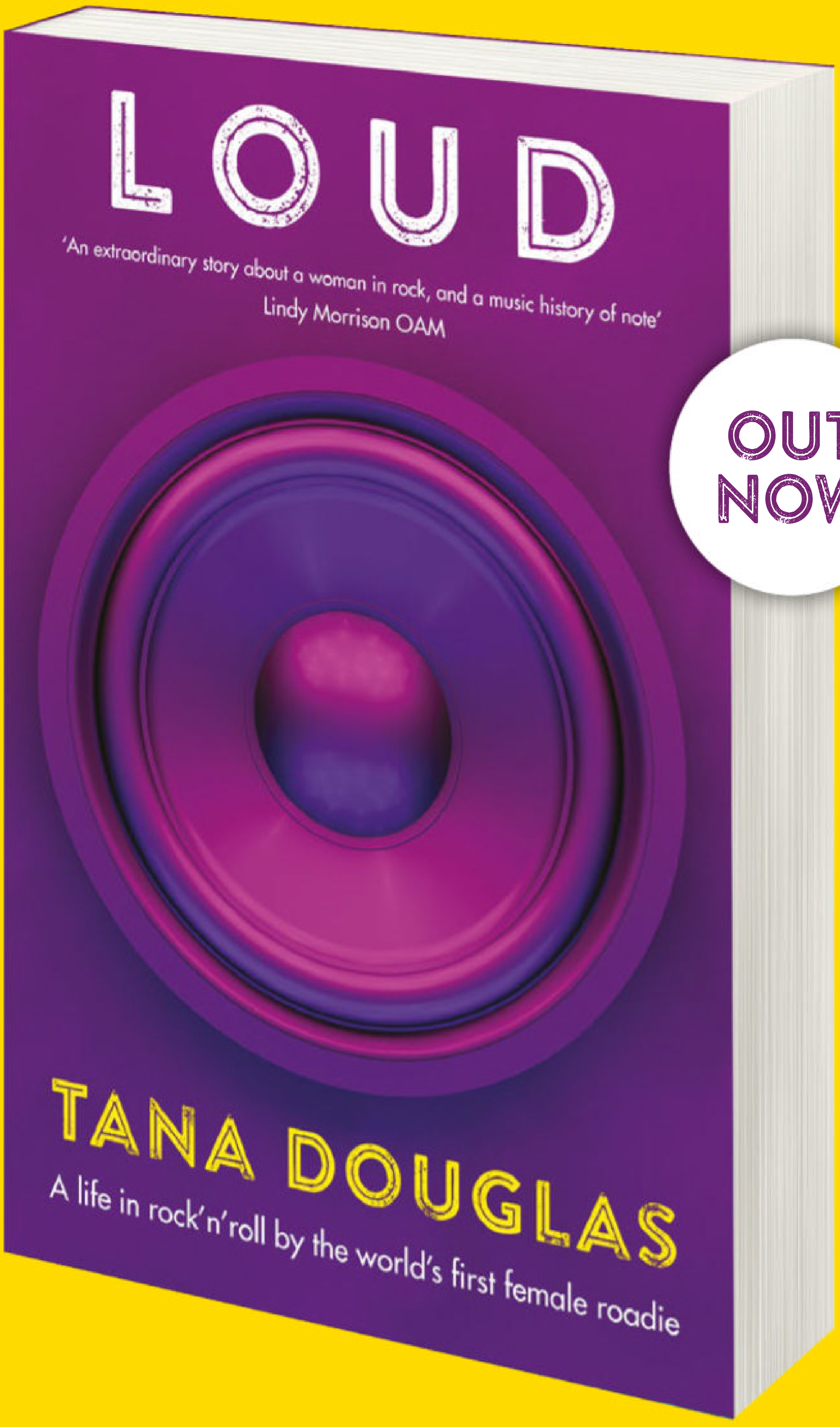
The octogenarian from France was trying to off the annoying insect without realizing he had a gas leak on his property.

According to a local news outlet, the 82-year-old had just sat down to dinner when he was joined by an uninvited guest. He wasn't going to let a pesky bug ruin the atmosphere, so he grabbed an electric flyswatter, designed to zap the creatures to their demise. He swung the electro death racket, but instead of hitting his buzzing target, the apparatus ignited the gas and caused a sizeable explosion that destroyed his kitchen and part of the roof in the process.

Thankfully, the man escaped serious injury by diving onto the floor and was treated for a burned hand at a local hospital. It's not known whether the fly survived the disaster.

This isn't the first time an insect has caused grief for homeowners. In 2018, a man in California accidentally set his parents' house on fire while trying to kill spiders. In the same year, an Australian blew up his house while trying to destroy a horde of cockroaches.

WHAT GOES ON TOUR,
STAYS ON TOUR…
OR DOES IT?


LOUD
'An extraordinary story about a woman in rock, and a music history of note'
Lindy Morrison OAM
TANA DOUGLAS
A life in rock'n'roll by the world's first female roadie

OUT NOW

TALES FROM
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BUSES OF:

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ELTON JOHN
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INXS
IRON MAIDEN
LENNY KRAVITZ
NEIL DIAMOND
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PEARL JAM
RED HOT CHILLI
PEPPERS
SANTANA
OFFSPRING
THE POLICE
THE WHO
AND MORE!

Horny Tortoise Who Saved Its Species from Extinction, Finally Retires

DIEGO, a Galápagos tortoise whose high sex drive has been praised for saving his species from extinction has now retired.

Ecuador's environment minister, Paulo Proaño Andrade, says: "We are closing an important chapter."

For decades now, Diego has been breeding in captivity to save his species from dying out. Now, the 100-year-old tortoise, with his long leathery neck, beady eyes and hefty 175-pound body, has been granted a much deserved retirement and is being sent to the uninhabited island of Española—to spend the remainder of his days celibate with 14 other male tortoises.

Jorge Carrion, the park's director says: "He's contributed a large percentage to the lineage that we are returning to Española."

At the time the program began in 1965, there were only 14 tortoises left: 12 females and two males. The breeding program helped increase the tortoise population to 2,000 from 15, with Diego being responsible for around 40 percent of the offspring produced.

Good job, Diego.

SWINGERS FESTIVAL SLAPPED WITH SEX BAN

A POPULAR British swingers festival has been given the green light in East Yorkshire amid COVID-19 concerns, but there's a twist.

The Hull City Council is allowing Swing Fest to go ahead, but has prohibited sex due to fears of swingers transmitting the deadly coronavirus.

A spokesperson for the council says: "The council is continuing to work with event organizers to develop their plans and ensure they are compliant with up-to-date restrictions imposed by COVID-19.

"Although the event is advertised to the swinging community, there will be no sexual activity involved in the event or any activities which might be associated with a sexual entertainment venue or hostess bar."

You know things are dire when you go to a swingers party and you all chuck your car keys into a bowl of disinfectant.

CREDIT: DIAS STUDIO / DAWIDMARKIEWICZ

Mother's Milking It

A MOTHER of two is making thousands by selling her freshly pumped breast milk to bodybuilders—who are ditching steroids for mother's milk.

Seven months after giving birth, Rafaela Lamprou from Cyprus realized she was producing excessive amounts of milk.

"It was too much—it was taking up all the chest freezer. I didn't know what to do with it," she says.

The 24-year-old mom began donating the milk to other new mothers who were struggling to produce milk on their own—until bodybuilders began to approach her.

Lamprou says: "I then started to get some inquiries from men. It started with men who were interested in bodybuilding. They say [breast milk] is good for building muscle mass.

"But then I started to get inquiries from men with fetishes."

After realizing she had a sizeable market champing at the bit for a taste, Lamprou started bagging and selling the extra two liters of milk she was producing each day—and began charging for it.

"I started a Facebook group about it, and people approach me on there. I have been made to take tests to ensure I don't smoke or drink," she says.

Lamprou admitted she's not exactly sure what the strangers do with her milk once they receive it, but she's not fazed.

Sports dietician Brian St. Pierre says bodybuilders consume breast milk because it is "incredibly caloric and nutrient dense." And because it is good for babies, he says the thought process is "breast milk is designed to rapidly grow a human baby, so maybe people think a similar effect will happen to fully grown humans."

At the time of this article, Lamprou has made more than $5,000 from nearly 500 liters of breast milk she has sent to random men around the world.

Cheers to that.

It started with men who were interested in bodybuilding. They say [breast milk] is good for building muscle mass.

BRINGS A NEW MEANING TO PAYING OUT THE ASS

A KEY ally of Brazil's President Jair Bolsonaro has been arrested by anti-corruption officers who allegedly discovered thousands of dollars stuffed in the underpants the man was wearing.

Senator Chico Rodrigues insisted he was innocent and that shoving wads of cash in his underwear has nothing to do with any illegal activities.

Police raided Rodrigues' house and found 10,000 reais ($1,822) and $6,141 inside a safe. The politician then asked if he could go to the bathroom, and according to the police report, an officer noticed a large money-shaped bulge under the man's shorts as he walked off.

"Found inside his underwear, near his buttocks, were stacks of money that totalled 15,000 reais ($2641)," the report stated.

When asked three more times whether he had any more money stashed in his underwear, the human moneybox angrily shoved his hand down his pants to retrieve more stacks of bills totaling 17,900 reais ($3,300).

The senator was targeted as part of an investigation into alleged dodgy dealings of COVID-19 funds.

Rodrigues confirmed in a statement that his house was raided and denied having done anything wrong, insisting: "I believe in justice, and I will prove that I have nothing to do with any illicit act."

Regardless, Rodrigues was suspended from senate for 90 days by a Supreme Court justice, who confirmed there was video footage of the incident.

"However, in this case, considering the manner in which the money was hidden by Senator Chico Rodrigues—quite deeply in his underwear—I will not reproduce these images in this report so as not to cause greater embarrassment," says the judge.

Makes cents to us.

CREDIT: TANKIST276

'TIL DOLL DO WE PART

A BODYBUILDER from Kazakhstan has proven love is blind by marrying a sex doll he's been "dating" for nearly two years.

Clad in a traditional black tux and bow tie, Yuri Tolochko grinned with giddy glee as he married his silicone bride, Margo, who wore a white gown and clutched a bouquet of flowers as she stared lifelessly into the distance.

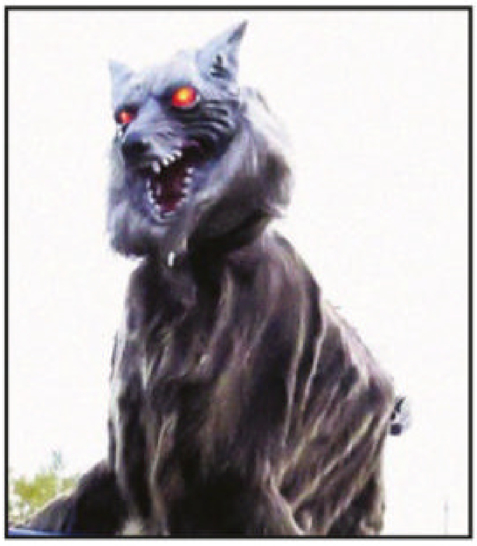
The couple apparently got engaged in December 2019, when the bodybuilder—who described himself as a "sexy maniac"—popped the question.

Tolochko and Margo have an active social media presence and often illustrate their romantic lifestyle, vacations and bubble baths, captioned with the hashtags: #ideal_relationship, #true_love and #happy_wife_happy_life.

In one post, Tolochko wrote: "Couples need to talk less and connect more. With time and experience, Margo and I realized that it takes more than words to have a conversation."

The only legal requirements for a wedding to take place in Kazakhstan are that both partners have to be male and female and over the age of 18.

MONSTER WOLF ROBOTS SCARE AWAY WILD BEARS



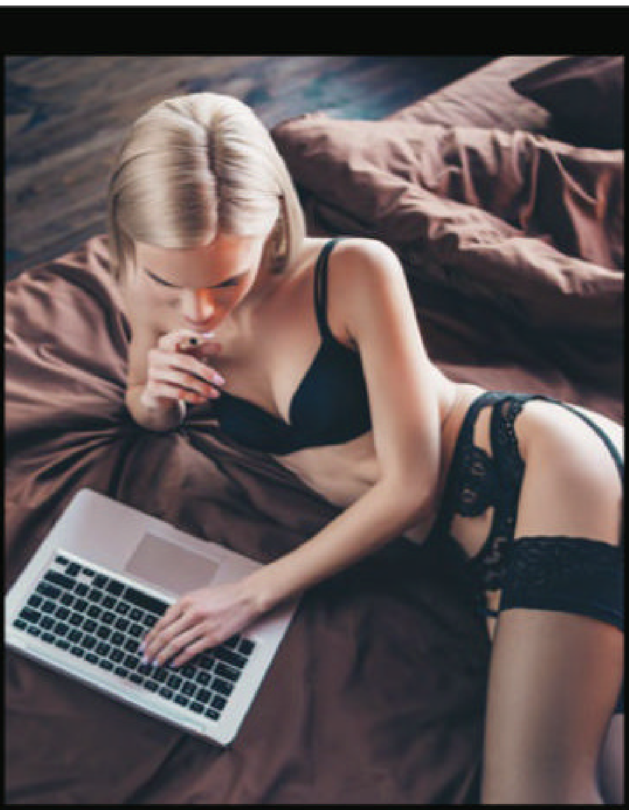
A JAPANESE town has deployed robotic wolves in an attempt to scare off bears that have started to roam the countryside.

The small town of Takikawa on the northern island of Hokkaido purchased and installed a pair of the terrifying robot wolves to combat the appearances of wild bears, and it actually worked.

The real Japanese wolf roamed the central and northern islands of Japan before being hunted to extinction more than a century ago.

The Monster Wolf robot, as it's been named, has been described as having "a shaggy body on four legs, a blond mane and fierce, glowing-red eyes. When its motion detectors are activated, it moves its head, flashes lights and emits 60 different sounds ranging from wolfish howling to machinery noises."

The Monster Wolves have been so effective that zero bears have been sighted since they've been put up. We are hardly surprised, though, considering how cursed these mechanical pest controllers look. Imagine you're out in Takikawa for a nice evening walk when suddenly you are confronted not by a bear, but by the flashing lights and growls of a spooky red-eyed Monster Wolf robot? No thank you. Sounds un-bear-able.



Pornhub Teaches Young People about The Realities of Sex

PORNHUB has released a new sex education series aimed at its younger viewers, in an effort to bridge the gap between porn and real-life sex.

Across 11 short informative videos, Pornhub Sex Ed features sex experts, therapists and doctors sharing their thoughts on everything from gender, to condom use, female anatomy, sex size and healthy masturbation habits.

"For many people, their first real exposure to sexual imagery is from popular culture, where dramatization and entertainment value distort what real sex is like," says Pornhub Vice President Corey Price. "That's why the Pornhub sexual wellness center created this new video series: to provide a go-to resource for people to learn about how to have sex safely and get visual answers to common questions about sexual experiences."

Should a multibillion-dollar adult business become the beacon of educational resources on sex and relationships? Some would argue not. But it's clear from its 80,000 views-per-minute that the site has reach, and if their messaging encourages folks to engage in important discussions around consent, it might be exactly what is needed.

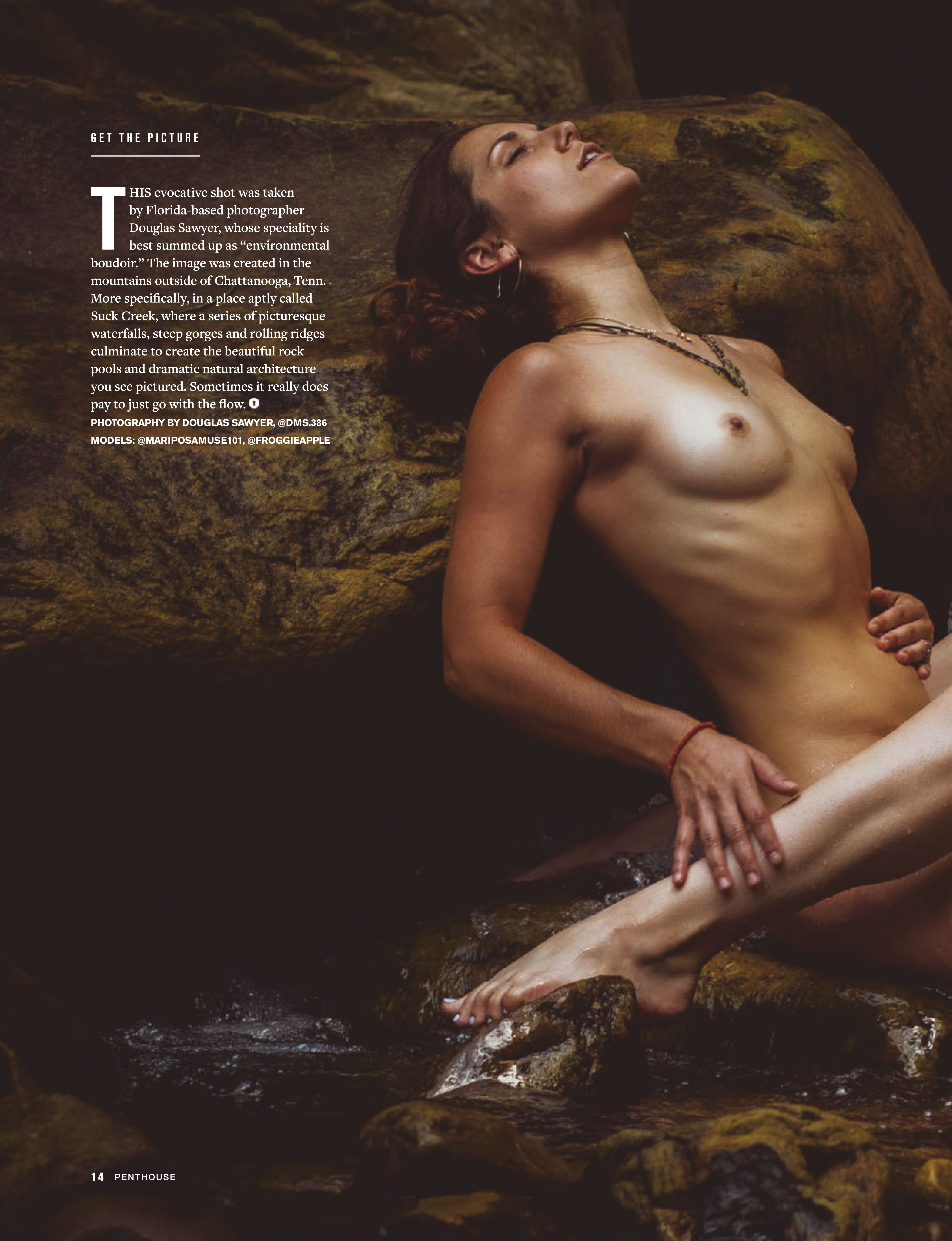
Plus, whatever Pornhub teaches is likely to be more entertaining than what we were taught in school.

CREDIT: YOUTUBE / YURI TOLOCHKO / DEAGREEZ

GET THE PICTURE

THIS evocative shot was taken by Florida-based photographer Douglas Sawyer, whose speciality is best summed up as “environmental boudoir.” The image was created in the mountains outside of Chattanooga, Tenn. More specifically, in a place aptly called Suck Creek, where a series of picturesque waterfalls, steep gorges and rolling ridges culminate to create the beautiful rock pools and dramatic natural architecture you see pictured. Sometimes it really does pay to just go with the flow.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DOUGLAS SAWYER, @DMS.386
MODELS: @MARIPOSAMUSE101, @FROGGIEAPPLE



CRUSH

LILY ANDREWS

FOLLOW @ITSLILYANDREWS

THIS issue, we're crushing on gorgeous Lily Andrews. The 31-year-old model, content creator and full-time nursing student from L.A. tells *Penthouse* when she's not studying, she loves being taken out on dates. "Whether it's a pool hall and beer date or a high-end restaurant vibe, I love dates that allow me to connect with the person I'm with," she says. Lily enjoys being active and spending time outside, and says she plans on getting her motorcycle license soon so she can go on weekend road trips. "I'm still a passenger at the moment," she admits, "but I do love riding on the back!" Gentleman, start your engines!

PHOTOGRAPHY BY CAMERON DAVIS
FOLLOW @CAMSJOURNAL

7 Movies with WTF Sex Scenes

WITH THE FACT THAT NETFLIX HAS CONSUMED OUR LIVES, IT'S TIME TO TAKE A LOOK AT SOME OF THE MOST AWKWARD, STRANGE AND DOWNRIGHT WTF SEX SCENES FROM MOVIES. HAPPY VIEWING.

THE BRIDE OF CHUCKY

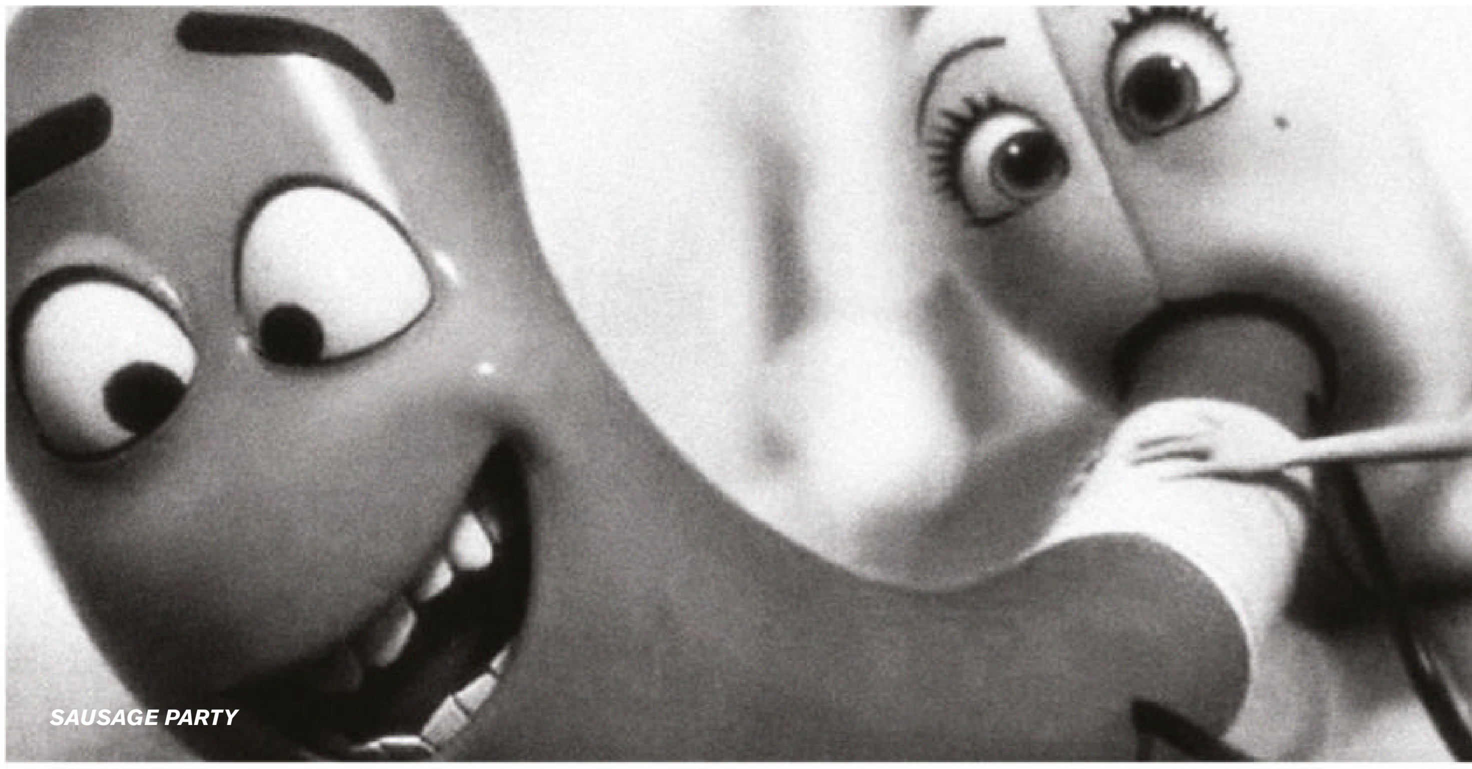
SAUSAGE PARTY (2016)

Where do you even start with Seth Rogen's R-rated animated food-fucking monstrosity that is the film *Sausage Party*? From Nazis to zombie sweet corn, the whole film is cooked, but it's the orgy scene that really takes this film from weird to totally bonkers.

The scene includes the unable-to-be-unseen visuals of a hotdog thrusting into a hotdog bun, a Twinkie receiving anal sex, sticks of fresh gum giving a chewed-up piece of gum a lap dance, a mushroom giving a radish a blowjob and Sammy Bagel Jr. (Edward Norton) eating the ass of Kareem Abdul Lavash, the pita bread (David Krumholtz). Still hungry?

HOWARD THE DUCK (1986)

In *Howard the Duck*, a humanoid duck with a fondness for cigars and reading *Playduck* magazine, is beamed to Earth, where young Lea Thompson takes him in. In the film, the pair joke about hooking up, and the dialogue becomes increasingly uncomfortable. "Maybe it's not a man you should be looking for," says Howard, to which Lea responds, "Ah, you think I might find luck in the animal kingdom, Duckie?" Thankfully, Howard ducks out before things get really odd. The '80s were a strange time.


SAUSAGE PARTY

CRASH (1996)

The sex scenes in David Cronenberg's *Crash* are proof that not everything sexual is sexy. The scenes in *Crash* operate purely on a sliding scale of repulsiveness and include an episode where James Spader has sex with a scar resembling a vagina on Rosanna Arquette's thigh and another where Spader deliberately gets involved in a car accident with Deborah Kara Unger and fucks her as she crawls away from the wreck.

THE ROOM (2003)

Pick any sex scene in this bizarre film—and there are many—and you'll see some of the most awkward attempts at intercourse. One scene in particular involves Tommy Wiseau, unable to grasp the absolute basics of anatomy, as he moans and groans while intensely humping what can only be a woman's belly button. Like the film itself, the sex scenes are awkward and feel like they're never going to end.

GIGLI (2003)

Let's just ignore the fact that the storyline of *Gigli* suggests the thought of murdering someone could turn a lesbian into a heterosexual and focus on the fact that J.Lo dropped from a 10 to a two when she tries to initiate some cunnilingus with Ben Affleck by uttering the words, "It's turkey time. Gobble, gobble." No thanks(giving).

THE DEVILS (1971)

Director Ken Russell's infamous, blasphemous *The Devils* might just take the cake when it comes to the most demented sex scenes in a movie. First, there's the famous "Rape of Christ," where an orgy of nuns masturbate on a statue of Jesus on the cross. Then there's the scene in which the hunchbacked Sister Jeanne des Anges (Vanessa Redgrave) masturbates with the charred femur bone of Urbain Grandier, a Catholic priest who was executed in 1634 on charges of witchcraft. Jesus Christ, indeed.

THE BRIDE OF CHUCKY (1998)

Chucky—a homicidal "Good Guy" doll, voiced by Brad Dourif—and his equally bloodthirsty doll villainess, Tiffany Valentine (Jennifer Tilly), have sex in the fourth installment of the *Child's Play* slasher franchise. What else is there to say, really? What has been seen cannot be unseen.

CREDIT: SONY PICTURES / UNIVERSAL PICTURES

MOTM

RODDY RICCH

BY CORRINE BARRACLOUGH

RAPPER Roddy Ricch's star soared in 2020, and it's set to rise even higher in 2021.

The Compton native's studio debut, *Please Excuse Me for Being Antisocial,* won glowing reviews and rocketed to No. 1 on the Billboard 200 Albums list. After slipping from the top spot, it once again ruled the charts a month later, making it the the first rap album in 15 years to do so.

The brutal, heart-wrenching, melodic record made more than $6 million, in addition to winning him accolades from media outlets and streaming platforms.

Its fourth single, "The Box," earned octuple platinum status. The unrelentingly popular track sold more than 8 million units and pulled in 866 million on-demand audio streams in 2020.

Basically, "The Box" clobbered any other song last year.

"The first album was just my first album," Roddy says. "I've got to remind people of that all the time. Yeah, it was big. I had big songs on there. But that was the first time I ever even did that shit."

It's easy to see why expectations for his next album are so high.

After a subdued start, Roddy—whose real name is Rodrick Wayne Moore Jr.—spoke out about the challenges of his youth.

"I've been through a lot. Going through shit like bullets flying. It'll fuck you up a little bit," says the 22-year-old hitmaker. "It triggers something else in you. This fame shit is new to me. Being in rooms where you don't have to worry about shit, I don't get that side of life yet. I'll be in the room with millionaires and billionaires and still be like, 'What's going on? Who's that at the door?'"

Roddy grew up in Los Angeles and Compton, the son of a religious mother and father. He was baptized around age seven and has church to thank for his chance meeting with rapper Kendrick Lamar.

Roddy says he laid down a freestyle rap for the "Swimming Pools" singer, who he claims told him, "You going to be somebody in the world."

From that point, the two rappers' lives could not have been more different. Lamar became the good kid surviving in a raging city, while Roddy embodied Los Angeles chaos.

From eight through 10th grade, Roddy went to therapy for what he now calls anger and antisocial behavior.

Then he stopped attending sessions and fell off the tracks.

The brutal, heart-wrenching, melodic record made more than $6 million, in addition to winning him accolades from media outlets and streaming platforms.

He talks openly about his first robbery, gun charges and stints in jail.

From there, the only way was up. He started writing and recording, developed his distinctive style and harnessed his creativity.

Roddy admitted the COVID-19 pandemic had slowed down his recording process.

"Maybe I make a little less music, but I feel like for me right now less is more because then when I step in the booth I say some crazy shit," he explains.

"I could work for two or three days and make 50 songs. And then I'll step away for like a week. Less is more. Spending more time figuring out how I feel and figuring out different things around me."

But Roddy had an amazing year, and fans were thrilled when he announced an upcoming collaboration with Travis Scott.

Is he stressed? No! He may be flying high, but he's not feeling pressured.

"I feel like pressure is self-imposed," he says. "I'm in a good place. Whenever my momma turns on the car, I'm still on the radio."

CREDIT: ATLANTIC RECORDS

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MUSIC

COVID Pause

BY TANA DOUGLAS

I'M standing on the side of the stage in the dark. It's that moment just before Pearl Jam goes on stage at the second-ever Lollapalooza festival in 1992. All the lights are out. The excitement builds. Then it happens! Music blasts through the PA system, and the crowd goes wild.

It's the moment that keeps me, as a member of the road crew, coming back day after day to do the backbreaking job of setting up all the equipment it takes to put on a show like this huge U.S. music festival. Lollapalooza was the first-ever festival to travel the country. You'd think after working 20-hour days for months on end, the magic would wear off, but no. It's as strong 30 years later as it was that first time. It's a bond we share with the performers because it's our show, too.

Attended by millions of people worldwide, summer festivals like Lollapalooza are the lifeblood of the music industry. The phenomenon started with the Monterey Jazz Festival in 1958, followed by Woodstock in 1969. We now have mega festivals like the Donauinselfest in Vienna, Austria, which attracts more than 3 million attendees, and Rock in Rio, which pulls in hundreds of thousands.

For now, though, these fields lie barren, with no sign of the usual hustle and bustle that starts months before as preparations for these events ramp up.

The year 2020 was the first since the late 1950s that there hasn't been some form of live music festival.

As the seasons change, and as the world braces for a third and even fourth wave of COVID-19, the virus continues to have a devastating effect on the music industry.

Is the industry healthy and strong enough to last another year without these live events? They're the heartbeat of the industry, the proof of life we're all looking for. It's not just the darlings of the industry who rely on the festivals. New and emerging talent also need this opportunity to reach a broader audience, enabling them to climb that elusive ladder to success.

Then there's another side of the industry that survives with little acknowledgement from the audience but is also reliant on these live events. That's us, the technical staff, aka the road crew. We work hand in hand with the artists, allowing them to focus on the performance, while we take care of the rest. Whether it's the front-of-house sound engineer at a stadium-sized venue or the high school friend of a garage band, the crew, as individuals, dedicate our existence to music.

You'd think after working 20-hour days for months on end, the magic would wear off, but no.

But during COVID-19, we, as professionals, have fallen through the cracks, with little or no acknowledgement or assistance from governments worldwide.

Over the decades, road crews have taken pride in not being seen.

Now, it's time for us to stand up and be counted. We're the first in line to donate our time to endless benefit concerts for different worldwide causes, selflessly working for free when there's no other means of getting the job done.

We were among the first to pivot so we could help out during the pandemic.

Now, we need to be seen and acknowledged for the work we've done so tirelessly.

When the vaccines start to take effect, and the festival season reopens—hopefully by August 2021—the crews will once again disappear behind the scenes to quietly continue creating that healing moment when a band walks on stage and we all become one. No longer feeling alone in this crisis. Being once again healed by the music. ●

CREDIT: ISTOCK / LISEGAGNE INSERTS: ALAIN LE GARSMEUR

Clout-Chasing

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

CLOUT-chasing is a disease; one that wouldn't exist without technological advancements which have enabled and encouraged people to engage in narcissistic tendencies.

Thanks to the "gamification" of social media, users are encouraged to do increasingly outlandish things for attention.

This might be simple self-validation for posting political or social hot takes, but often invades the real world—hurting others for the sake of "content creation."

Attention is rewarded with sponsorship agreements, which in turn encourages others to participate, if only for their own claim to fame.

Attention-seeking behavior is a growing addiction promising the untalented a means to attain the impossible: fame.

The boundary for the average Joe to obtain social and cultural relevance was smashed with the onset of reality television in the early 2000s.

While most shows were based around a competition, attention-hungry contestants attained fame for more than just their talents at the expense of their dignity.

Viewers, influenced by television, tried (and failed) to replicate the style of programming to obtain fame on MySpace. The early social media platform was a groundswell of future talent, like makeup mogul Jeffree Star; it's no surprise many tried to leverage the popularity of live-action television to launch their own YouTube careers.

With the demise of MySpace, YouTube reigned, and with its rise came clout chasers performing increasingly bad pranks that were either staged or even deadly.

A Minnesota woman shot her boyfriend to death in 2017 after staging a fatal YouTube prank involving a Desert Eagle hand cannon and a telephone book, which did little to block the bullet.

As social media evolved, so too did clout-chasing. Instagram, TikTok and the now-defunct Vine have provided ample opportunities for people to create increasingly low-effort productions, pursuing fame.

Success stories like Jake and Logan Paul are exceptions, having first obtained their fame through Vine stunts. For every successful Viner or Instagrammer, there are a million others whose only claim to fame is widespread derision.

Larz, a 20-something described by Dr. Phil as "an irrelevant YouTuber," obtained infamy after he licked a toilet seat as part of the "coronavirus licking challenge," and later said he tested positive. He's not known for much else. Numerous others have been arrested for breaking into grocery store freezers and licking ice cream or opening bottled drinks and spitting in them before placing them back on the shelf.

They're the one-hit wonders of the social media world, and there's no shortage of their spawn.

Woke culture has also created opportunities for amoral clout-chasers to obtain relevance. Internet antagonizers have leveraged cancel culture as a means to obtain the currency of victimhood through context-free videos intended to shame others and promote themselves as victims of racially or politically motivated hate speech.

More than simply producing outlandish statements that would make most people wince, some resort to claiming victimhood by harassing strangers into responding badly toward them—recording their reactions and sharing on social media.

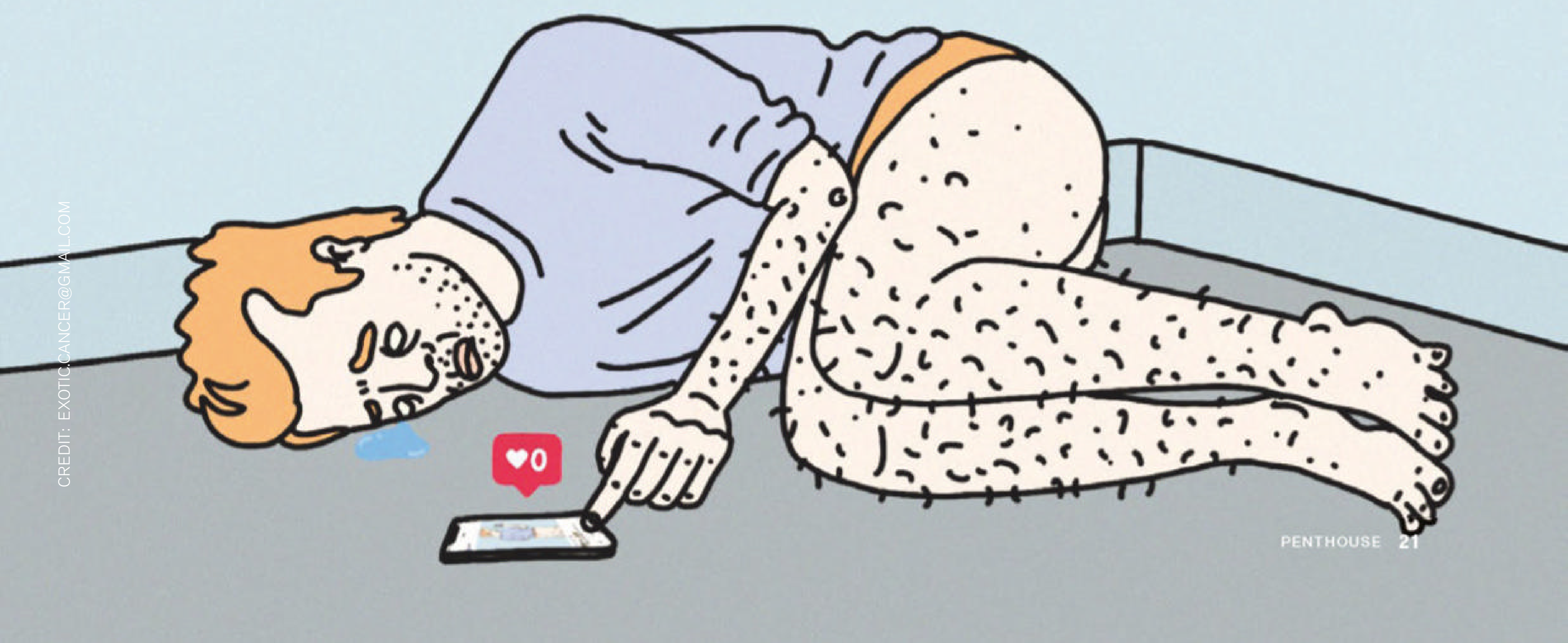
In some cases, clout-chasing has backfired.

A young socialite named Annaliese Nielsen berated her Lyft driver over a Hawaiian hula girl dashboard ornament and shared the incident on Twitter. The driver was fired. The incident blew up in her face once conservative vlogger Lauren Southern reposted the video, titling it "SJW Berates Lyft Driver," which went more viral than the original clip.

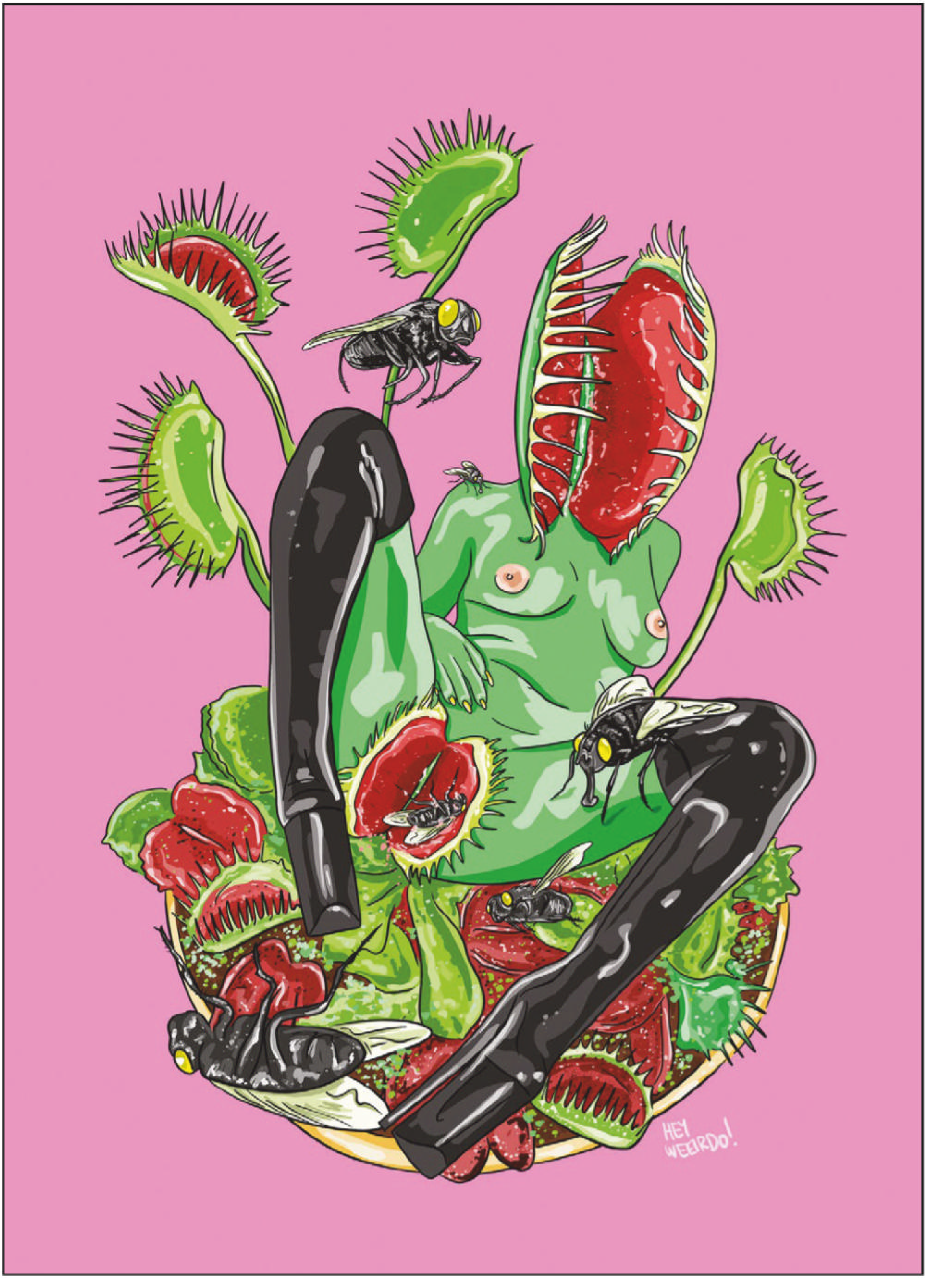
The Lyft driver was exonerated and got his job back, and Nielsen erased all traces of herself from the Internet.

While most harmless efforts to pursue fame ultimately amount to nothing, it goes without saying that technology not only allows, but encourages otherwise normal people to go out of their way to do bad things by giving in to their worst tendencies.

It's only going to get worse.



CREDIT: EXOTIC.CANCER@GMAIL.COM


HEY WEEIRDO!

GAMING

WIN OR DIE TRYING

BY IAN MILES CHEONG

THE left is always asking why they're unable to appeal to Trump supporters and conservatives. The conclusions they always arrive at seem, somehow, to revolve around the vague concept of toxic masculinity.

Of course, it couldn't be that their own policies are unattractive to the vast majority of people who oppose them.

Trump would not have won the election in 2016 if the left's notions of progressivism were as compelling as they believe.

Instead of taking a long, hard look at the ideas they attempt to forward, the journalists tasked with examining current events, who are ostensibly knowledgeable of human nature given the nature of their jobs, have landed on a host of bogeymen to explain why conservatives think as they do, and why the populism of Donald Trump is attractive to so many.

Crucially, some journalists have honed in on the topic of GamerGate, an arguably niche controversy that wracked the video game industry more than half a decade ago.

The topic is one of two dueling narratives. For gamers, GamerGate represents a populist movement (of gamers) against the encroachment of social justice, but for mainstream journalists and their counterparts in the game industry, GamerGate is representative of toxic masculinity—boys struggling to maintain their boys' club in the face of 21st-century progressivism.

As journalists would explain it, GamerGate was a controversy that was insufficiently addressed by the game industry too worried about its bottom line. Too unwilling to speak out against the community that pays its bills, the industry allowed for the proliferation of toxic attitudes that ultimately transcended the gaming community, breaking out into the "real world," as it were, and became part of the national discourse.

Trump, they claim, is a result of those attitudes.

DEMON'S SOULS

CREDIT: DEMON'S SOULS, CAPTURED ON PS5

In reality, GamerGate—a term coined by *Firefly* actor Adam Baldwin—was a response to the rise of increasing censoriousness, hypersensitivity to social taboos, social justice and other leftist causes within the video game industry and the community that surrounds it.

It is no longer kosher to use sex to sell video games. With a community largely made up of young adult men, it's understandable why sex would sell—and why they'd be pissed off if the enthusiast media chose to stop representing their hobby and instead opted to demonize them for enjoying it.

Simply put: Sex sells.

And the woke press and social media influencers who have appointed themselves the arbiters of decency proved themselves to be anything but chaste, coming off as hypocrites with their promotion of "queer" sexuality in video games, of OnlyFans accounts on social media, and other actions that contradict their crusade against masculinity in the gaming community.

The rise of the populist right has led to an acceleration of tyrannical attitudes on the progressive left.

The populist response against this form of social tyranny was dubbed GamerGate. It's an attitude that has arisen widely as a natural response to the same social tyranny imposed upon the general public by the press at large, whose efforts to convince people that conservatism is bigotry, that caring about one's national sovereignty and maintaining national borders is akin to racism, and that rejecting the trans rights (that is, privileges) of men who identify as women to use women's bathrooms is violence.

Rather than examine why people might reject such notions of progressivism, the left opts to attack anyone for their individual beliefs and shut down the discourse. If only conservatives were suppressed harder, they wouldn't be able to fight back.

Much like the events of GamerGate, suppressing freedom of speech has the opposite effect; it motivates the populist right into fighting back.

It is, after all, why Trump was elected.

But the rise of the populist right has led to an acceleration of tyrannical attitudes on the progressive left. At this point, it's a race to see which side can prevail—and much like a video game, it's up to the protagonist to win or die trying.

Gamers are among the most persistent in the world. They enjoy a challenge.

The left picked on the wrong opponent. ●

Is Technology Ruining Sports?

BY ROB PEGLEY

“DO YOU want to be right, or do you want to be happy?” is a well-known phrase in psychology.

For some, the pursuit of perfectionism comes with a need to exert control and an inability to let things go.

They may be correct, but it comes across as hairsplitting pettiness.

Many English soccer fans would describe the VAR (Video Assistant Referee) as an annoying control freak.

In soccer, a few terrible decisions over the years—or great ones, depending on who you support—have caused huge controversy. The recently deceased Diego Maradona’s Hand of God is arguably the biggest.

Frank Lampard’s disallowed goal for England at the 2010 South Africa World Cup is another doozy.

Truth is there have been some shocking decisions over the years—but not that many.

And surely not enough to have led to the stop-start culture currently pervading the Premier League? Stilted celebrations and *strange* decisions—where a last-minute winner leads to an ecstatic reaction on hold, while an accurate decision is made.

The greatest moments in soccer have been *those* moments—sheer, unbridled, Oh-my-God-ness as the ball hits the back of the net. Imagine Manchester United’s comeback celebrations in the 1999 Champions League Final being paused while they checked the monitor in the last minute. In fact, twice in the last two minutes.

Ruining those moments is surely worse than getting a few decisions wrong?

Belgian soccer star Kevin De Bruyne is arguably the greatest footballer in the world after the Messi/Ronaldo double act. He recently said: “I don’t know the rules anymore, honestly. I’ve been playing professional football for 12 years, and in the first nine years there were no rule changes. Now, there are a lot of rule changes. I don’t know why. Football is a nice game. The people making the rule changes need to be in the game.”

Ex-Spurs boss Mauricio Pochettino went further, saying, “I am for technology, but be careful not to change the game and kill the emotion. My worry is we are talking about a machine and not football.”

Bizarrely, the really *big* decisions that sparked the technological revolution of football are quickly solved. Goal-line technology is pretty seamless; the referee instantly gets a bleep on his phone to say whether the ball has crossed the line and can make a decision.

Liverpool’s experienced midfielder James Milner is a fan: “Goal-line technology is incredible. Instant decision. Black and white.”

But he’s not a fan of VAR.

“It’s very hard to use VAR when you’ve still got opinions on the decisions and the atmosphere in football is being ruined,” Milner says.

Especially when the resulting decisions seem worse than the referee’s original. Patrick Bamford’s goal, which was disallowed for Leeds against Crystal Palace, was described by Former Premier League star-turned-pundit Robbie Savage as “the worst decision I’ve ever seen in the history of football.”

Bamford’s hand was judged offside—his fingers deemed ahead of the defender as he pointed where he wanted the ball.

Do you want to be right, or do you want to be happy?

Is Phil Gould happy with the bunker in Australia’s National Rugby League (NRL)?

“They’d check everything if they could. They would check every single play,” he recently said. “The referees’ dream is to play the game on Sunday, finish the game at six o’clock, pack everything up and say ‘we’ll give you the result on Tuesday.’”

The KFC bunker was introduced at a cost of $2 million to “provide NRL review officials with world-class technology and enable them to deliver more accurate, efficient, consistent and transparent decisions.”

In Gould’s words: “They don’t have a clue.”

The NRL bunker has been in operation for four years. In America, the NFL has had instant replay reviews since 1986—some 34 years—and they’re still trying to get it right.

The NFL can review up to 15 different circumstances using instant replay. VAR in England only reviews four.

There’s the rub: The rule was introduced after a big and specific decision that altered a whole season for the New Orleans Saints. A huge mistake, but essentially a one-off.

In cricket, meanwhile, they love technology. Hot Spot, the Snickometer and Hawk-Eye have arguably *added* to the enjoyment of the game, not detracted from it. But then it’s ultimately a slower paced game; you watch for seven hours in the sun with a beer and a pie, studying the game in a leisurely, almost scientific way. The players stop for tea breaks, for God’s sake. Hot Spot and Hawk-Eye notch the drama up, rather than take it down.

Tennis is similar. Hawk-Eye’s been around for line calls and player challenges since 2004 after some shocking calls against Serena Williams in a U.S. Open quarterfinals clash she lost to Jennifer Capriati. The United States Tennis Association actually called Williams after the match to apologize.

Again, tennis is slower and compartmentalized—technology acts seamlessly with the game and builds tension, rather than sucking out the emotion.

With VAR, Maradona’s Hand of God goal against England at the 1986 World Cup wouldn’t have stood. If that had been the case, the Argentine athlete might not have scored the Goal of the Century four minutes later. He might not have gone on to lift the World Cup that year. How the referee didn’t see him punch the ball in the net still amazes. But he didn’t. And we’ve all learned to live with it.

That moment has become legendary *because* the decision was bad and wasn’t overturned.

If not sport as a whole, VAR is certainly sucking the life out of football games. Maybe the next evolution will be to re-referee past games using technology and reverse the results based on correct decision-making?

Maradona would turn in his grave.

But do you want to be right, or do you want to be happy?

CREDIT: AROGANT

FILM

BACK TO THE ’80S

PENTHOUSE
‘I KILLED 360 PEOPLE!’
PENTHOUSE
HARLEY-DAVIDSON WORTH $10,000

BY AMIE WEE

PENTHOUSE has been in the minds, mouths and hands of people since its debut on British newsstands in 1965. The first issue sold out in mere days, and the magazine’s quick success led *Penthouse* founder Bob “The Gooch” Guccione to launch the first U.S. issue in 1969. The magazine’s raunchier-than-*Playboy* full-frontal content, bawdy humor and balls-to-the-wall journalism made its stamp on society and ensured that by the ’70s, *Penthouse* was on its way to becoming a household name. But by the ’80s, *Penthouse* was firmly ingrained in pop culture.

Everyone was talking about *Penthouse*.

It might have had something to do with The Gooch’s ballsy approach to publishing, and the fact that during the ’80s, *Penthouse* printed the unauthorized nudes of Madonna and a reigning Miss America—Vanessa Williams—and featured the likes of Debbie Harry and a controversial shoot with porn star Traci Lords.

BILLY FROM *STRANGER THINGS*

As a result, *Penthouse* was referenced in a lot of movies that came out during the ’80s.

One of these films was the 1984 fishy fairy tale *Splash*, an unlikely love story between land dweller Allen Bauer (Tom Hanks) and a hot blonde mythical mermaid (Daryl Hannah). In the film, Allen’s cringeworthy brother, Freddie (John Candy), rocks up in his red sports car at the family business with a stack of *Penthouse* magazines. Freddie brags the mag ran the erotic story he wrote before handing out the issues to his colleagues and customers, who read them right there in public. In another scene, Allen is overwhelmed by a mob of reporters, and Freddie asks, “Is anyone here from *Penthouse* magazine?” When the reporters say “no,” he responds, “Then we ain’t talkin’.”

Then there’s the 1989 American comedy *Troop Beverly Hills*, directed by Jeff Kanew, in which a scout troop visits a retirement home to help the elderly in pursuit of a Wilderness Girls patch. The girls offer a resident a few different magazines, which he declines, before they randomly produce a *Penthouse*, which he gladly accepts and immediately flips open to the topless centerfold before the shot cuts.

We see another *Penthouse* centerfold in *Christmas Evil*, a 1980 horror-thriller about a middle-aged toy factory worker named Harry Stadling (Brandon Maggart), who is obsessed with Christmas and goes on a Yuletide killing spree while dressed as Santa Claus. In one scene, Harry is peering into the window of a boy’s bedroom to determine whether he’s been naughty or nice—only to catch the kid cutting out a bare-breasted centerfold image from the glossy pages of *Penthouse*. That triggers a flashback to when young Harry watched Santa Claus go down on his mother in 1948.

Max and Eleven raid teen heartthrob Billy’s bedroom and discover a bunch of genuine ’80s editions of *Penthouse* magazine stashed in his drawers.

In the 1988 Ozploitation thriller *Vicious!*, a rich young guy—who has just graduated high school and seems to have a promising future ahead of him—turns into a ruthless killer when he falls in with a gang of misfits. There’s a strange scene in which he’s idly flicking through an Australian *Penthouse* when a trio of hooligan robbers come calling.

In 2019, *Penthouse* even got a mention in the popular supernatural ’80s-throwback Netflix series *Stranger Things*. In season three’s third episode—“The Case of the Missing Lifeguard”—Max and Eleven raid teen heartthrob Billy’s bedroom and discover a bunch of genuine ’80s editions of *Penthouse* magazine stashed in his drawers.

Although The Gooch and the ’80s are behind us, *Penthouse* continues to thrive. Grab your popcorn.

CREDIT: NETFLIX

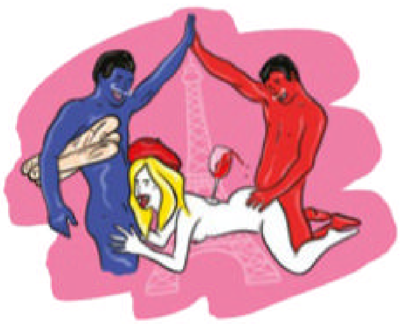
SEX

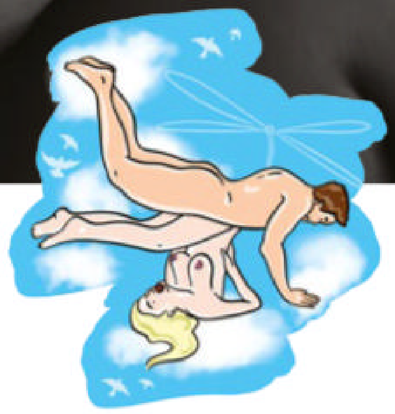
Keep It Fresh

YOU'RE GUARANTEED TO HAVE MEMORABLE SEX WITH THESE UNFORGETTABLE POSITIONS

The Eiffel Tower

The Eiffel Tower, also known as a reimagined Spit Roast, marks the only time it's ever appropriate to high-five during sex. The concept is simple: One person is on all fours, receiving one partner from behind, while performing oral on the other person. The two outside partners then gleefully high-five and "oui oui!" each other, bringing the iconic Eiffel Tower position to life. This trés underrated ménage à trois is a sexual (French) revolution. No matter what role you fulfill in the architectural erotic wonder that is The Eiffel Tower, you're guaranteed to have a beret good time. Bon voyage and high-five!



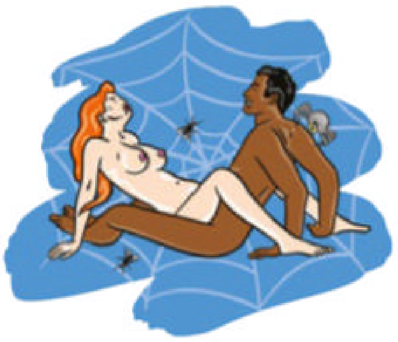


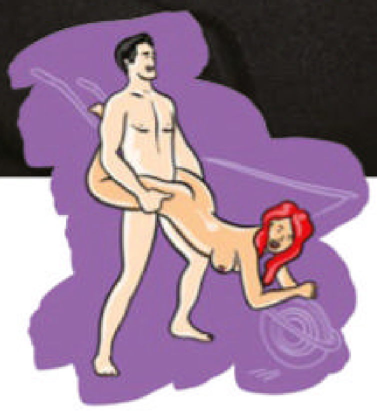
The Helicopter

The concept of international travel and boarding a real-life plane might feel like an explicit fantasy right now, but don't fret; there's another way you can join the Mile-High Club. Yoga and CrossFit become one to create this extremely intimidating, expert-level sex position known as The Helicopter. To achieve The Helicopter, the woman must prop herself up on her back with her legs over her head before the man inserts his erection and planks on top of her. To initiate "liftoff," and this is where the magic comes in, he starts propelling around in complete circles while remaining inserted. Warning: You're both going to want to be fit and strong to complete this sex position or else one of you might end up with an airline fracture.

The Spider

If you have ever fantasized about being a helpless fly trapped in a spiderweb at the mercy of an insatiable female arachnid, then this position is for you. Despite its name, The Spider isn't actually as spooky as it sounds, but it does involve a lot legs. To achieve The Spider, the couple starts by facing each other, both in a seated position. The man then penetrates the woman, and they both recline back. The couple then begin to wiggle, gyrate, thrust and grind against each other, mimicking a spider wrestling and wrapping up her prey. Perfect for newlywebs.





The Wheelbarrow

The Wheelbarrow isn't your garden-variety sex position. An interesting alternative for doggy-style lovers, this position essentially involves the woman being turned into a human wheelbarrow. It looks pretty kooky, but it's actually pretty spot-on for internal stimulation and hitting angles you wouldn't normally hit. A little core strength goes a long way—channel your inner dexterity. You're going to want to have a basic level of athleticism and not skip arm day for this one—stability is key!—otherwise you'll end up with a wonky wheelbarrow. If you think The Wheelbarrow is kinky, you are certainly not ready to hear about The Mower. Meet me behind the garden shed in five?

PHOTO CREDIT: ALEKSANDAR NAKIC, ILLUSTRATIONS: AMIE WEE

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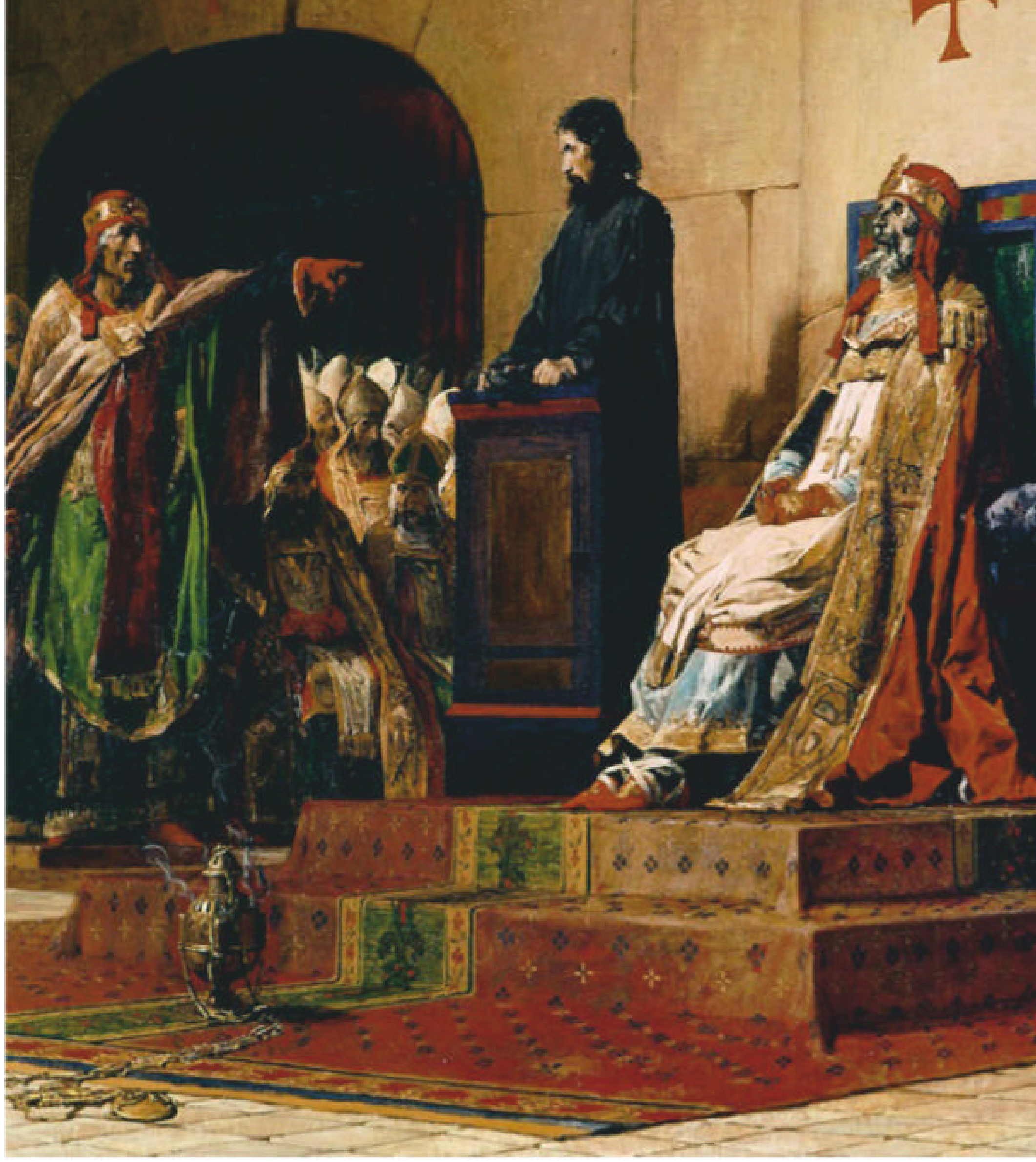
WEIRD HISTORY

The Cadaver Synod

WHEN PAPAL OFFICIALS THOUGHT IT A GOOD USE OF THEIR TIME TO PUT A CORPSE ON TRIAL

BY BEN POBJIE



CREDIT: WIKIPEDIA.ORG/JEAN-PAUL LAURENS,1870

WHATEVER one's views on the virtues or otherwise of the modern Roman Catholic Church, it can't be denied that today's breed of popes are a fairly well-behaved bunch. Popes, by and large, act in the way in which popes are expected to act. But it was not always thus: For quite a large chunk of the church's history, it seemed as if popes were selected exclusively from the ranks of humanity's most dedicated and energetic scoundrels, cheats, thieves, fornicators and murderers. Indeed, it was often their talents for corruption and violence that won them the papacy in the first place—and once in, they weren't shy about deploying every dirty trick at their disposal to stay there. It was in this atmosphere, in the late ninth century, that the church hit a real high point, when one pope had the corpse of another one dug up so he could put it on trial, in what became known as the Cadaver Synod.

Between the years 872 and 965, more than two dozen popes came to power—and more often than not, left again with all possible speed. The jockeying for the top job resembled a roller derby, and it was in this fevered climate that Pope Formosus grabbed the big chair, amid accusations he had attempted to undermine his predecessor and execute a coup. He was also accused of dodgy dealings when he was a bishop—fortunately, today, the idea of a bishop behaving immorally is unthinkable, but back then it was quite common.

Part of a pope's job in the Dark Ages was political intrigue, and Formosus participated enthusiastically, inviting Duke Arnulf of Carinthia to invade Italy and crowning him Holy Roman Emperor—a much coveted title that nobody ever quite understood. Such actions made Formosus plenty of enemies, all of whom were pretty pleased when, five years into his reign, Formosus Poped his clogs in 896.

Formosus was succeeded by Pope Boniface VI, who disappointed his many fans by dying about two weeks later. Boniface was succeeded by Stephen VI, who decided his first order of business would be to make clear to everyone that Formosus's shenanigans would not be tolerated. In January 897, seven months after Formosus's death, Stephen VI had the ex-pope exhumed and brought to the papal court for judgment.

Later, Pope John IX convened a synod which prohibited trials of corpses, dashing hopes that Catholicism would stay this entertaining forever.

The body of Formosus was propped up on a throne, and everyone did their best to ignore the smell, which must have been pretty overwhelming, even for a historical period known for its utter lack of hygiene. The man was in no condition to answer questions, of course, so a deacon was appointed to answer for him, and, to make his job easier, given the answers beforehand. After a series of questions from Stephen, such as "When you were bishop of Porto, why did you usurp the universal Roman See in such a spirit of ambition?"—which left the corpse embarrassingly flummoxed. Formosus was pronounced guilty, a verdict which most neutral observers agreed was entirely fair. He was stripped of his vestments, all of his acts and ordinations were declared invalidated, and the fingers of his right hand that he had used for blessings were cut off before the much abused body was thrown in the River Tiber.

Incredibly, after the Cadaver Synod, Pope Stephen found his decision to dig up a dead body and put it on trial led to a dip in his popularity, especially after Formosus washed up on the riverbank and, according to witnesses, began to perform miracles. Stephen was deposed, imprisoned and strangled by year's end, maintaining the continuous action of the Vatican's revolving door.

In December 897, Pope Theodore II annulled the Cadaver Synod and ordered Formosus be reburied in Saint Peter's Basilica. Later, Pope John IX convened a synod which prohibited trials of corpses, thus dashing hopes that Catholicism would stay this entertaining forever. But history buffs will forever have the Cadaver Synod to hold on to: a reminder not only of a time when the most powerful men in the world thought cross-examining corpses was a reasonable use of their time, but of the fact that history, by and large, is much more insane than most people think.

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CREDIT: REX MANNING

INTERVIEW

AN0MALY WITH A ZERO

RAPPER-CUM-SOCIAL MEDIA PUNDIT AN0MALY BREAKS DOWN HIS SUPPORT FOR THE 45TH PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

BY SEAN BRUCE

FROM a small-time underground career as a rap artist to one of social media's most vocal supporters of Donald Trump, Anomaly—real name Albert J. Faleski—has built a coalition of fans around one of the most prevailing themes of 45's popularity: That you just can't trust nobody no more.

Personally, the California-based rapper has a cool and down-to-Earth demeanor and found his conservative leanings only after a detour through the Bernie Bro left. He acknowledges he is a relative newcomer in political circles—only earnestly engaging in online commentary after the 2016 election of Trump.

The idea that the media, the government and the technocrats that inform public policy are incompetent, malicious or outright lying to you is nothing new. But former president Trump is one of the most recent examples in living memory of a politician who managed to galvanize so much support around ailing public trust in civil institutions. And with Trump's election came a whole new class of political pundits like Anomoly, ready to cater to those distrustful of mainstream media narratives.

Anomaly's audience is diverse, and it represents an interesting nexus of online Trump supporters that feels like a Venn diagram of conspiracy theorists, anti-government types, your angry uncle on Facebook and edgy Gen-Z conservatives. Though there is a lot of overlap with the kind of persons one might find at a Trump rally, the online fandom, so to speak, always felt slightly different.

With Trump out of the White House now, this pre-election conversation with one of his staunchest young supporters can hopefully serve as insight into the online Trump-fan phenomena and be an example of an honest and respectful discourse between two people from opposite sides of the political fence.

You went from a Bernie Bro to a Trump Train supporter. Can you tell us about that journey?
In 2016, I was around 26 years old, and I never liked politics. I never liked either party. I thought both parties were corrupt. I thought [Barack] Obama was a puppet, George Bush was a puppet, and Bernie [Sanders] struck me as somebody, and he sold himself as somebody, who was outside the two-party system. I didn't know much about health care or taxes or anything really important about being an adult, so he kind of conned me into thinking he was really outside the system.

I started following the media more—and I always knew the media was fake—so Sanders kind of led me to realize the media was lying on such a huge scale, even bigger than I thought it was. Then I think it was a natural progression from that to seeing Trump actually say all this real stuff. I stopped listening to what the media said about him and actually listened to full Trump speeches, and I was like, "Wow, this guy, he sounds like somebody I watch on YouTube." He's just out there talking shit and saying some real stuff.

Then I also hit the adult age where I started paying for health care and taxes, and I lived in California under Democrats, and they told me it was only the wealthy who get taxed heavily. But I was getting taxed, and I was also paying crazy amounts for health care, and I couldn't opt out because of the Democratic policies on the individual mandate. So it kind of all hit me at once, I think, right as he was getting inaugurated.

I didn't tell a lot of people because there's so much social pressure, but I was like, "I think this guy's the real deal. I really think he's the guy who wasn't supposed to be there." I was never a full-blown Liberal Democrat or anything. I came more from like an—I don't want to say conspiracy theory—but maybe more outside opinions to politics. The transition just kind of hit me.

Detractors argue Donald Trump and his administration have sown division among different groups in America, which has led to the situation the country is in right now. What are your thoughts?
I'm going to start with a quote from Malcolm X. I don't know the exact quote, but he said something along the lines of, "The media is the most powerful entity on the Earth. They can make the hero look like the villain and the villain look like the hero." I truly believe they have the power to make anybody divisive, depending on how they report them. But I would say Trump's so blunt, and so straightforward, that a lot of people can't handle the truth. Some people have a friend who'll tell you that you look great when you look like shit. Where then, you have the friend who says, "You have some shit on your face. You should probably wipe it off." You might not want to hear that, but it's the truth and it's going to benefit you.

Life is getting so real, especially with the lockdowns and the mask mandates. I mean, people don't want to acknowledge what's really going on in this country. In some ways, he's definitely not the smoothest speaker, and I think there would be a way to lose less people. But I truly believe, even if somebody came along who was smoother than Trump and said all the right things and explained it in a way that made sense, that [the media] would still find a way to make them look divisive. I think it takes somebody with his attitude and his perseverance and maybe his bluntness to beat a political class that's this corrupt and also make it in Washington. It's not an easy feat.

Do you see media bias and control as more of a left-wing or right-wing phenomenon?
In this country, the left-wing and the Democrat-associated media control most things. For instance, from Facebook and Instagram, which is owned by Facebook, you have YouTube, you have Google, which owns YouTube. You have Twitter. All these people are left-wing, and any time they try to be somewhat objective, they have a lot of groups like the ADL, the ACLU, and there's a lot of pressure for them to push in the left-wing direction. Both sides could be the culprit, no question. I see terrible right-wing media all the time. But in this country, the left-wing controls almost all of internet media, I would say, as far as big tech.

When it comes to television, out of the main stations, you have CBS, NBC, MSNBC, ABC, CNN and FOX News. If you watch FOX News—I'm not a fan of them to be honest—you have Liberals on, you have Democrats, you have Conservatives. They do give you a mix. All of the other stations are just 100 percent left-wing. They don't have any Republicans or Conservatives, so I would say 85 to 90 percent of television media is left-wing. And they control most of the shows people watch, like *Saturday Night Live*. This is not bipartisan comedy. It's like they're reading the script of what the Democratic Party says, whether it's true or not, and making comedy around it.

Where that's scary is—if you go far enough right on a political scale—you get to libertarianism, which is smaller government. And when you go further left, you get communism or authoritarianism, which is total government. These people won't accept a Trump win, and if they get the White House, you have almost total control of all information. So both sides can be dishonest and make mistakes, but no question, the media in this country is largely left-wing, and they work really hard to try to get more so. But where that actually benefits me and other pundits is that people want the truth. And when you have so many people doing one thing and you only have a few people—Tucker Carlson, myself—doing the opposite, you see massive numbers. Tucker is the biggest person on television. I compete with most left-wing people on social media because people are seeking the truth, and they're running out of places to get it.

Isn't Tucker Carlson's popularity and the popularity of FOX News in general, evidence that right-wing media outlets actually have quite a significant amount of power?
That's a good question. I think it shows it's popular and that there's a thirst for it, but as far as say FOX News, it's increasingly become more and more left-wing. You've had more Democrat-leaning pieces. Whereas the left-wing news, they haven't become more right-wing at all. So I would say, Tucker's—I don't want to say he's on his way out, but I could see him getting kicked out within a year or two.

You talk a bit about a sort of communist conspiracy between politicians like Joe Biden, big corporations and Silicon Valley. But aren't ideas like communism and socialism in contradiction to institutions like the Democratic Party or big corporations, like Amazon or Silicon Valley venture capitalists?
Yeah, that's a great, great question. I actually read the *Communist Manifesto*, because I think most people don't understand communism. Everybody talks about communism on the right-wing, but most people have never read the book. When I read it, it became very clear to me that it's not a movement of the people. It's not a movement of the working class, and in no way, shape or form is it a threat to the elite establishment. It's pitched that way to workers and left-wingers. They think they're so edgy, but like you said, there's a reason Amazon and all of these corporations and all of these powerful Democrats are not really threatened by it, because if you read the *Communist Manifesto*, you could see certain points [Karl Marx] has, and I'll tell you a few of them.

He wanted total control of banking with a central bank. And Lenin said something along the lines of, "Once you establish a central bank in a country, that's 90 percent of the way to communizing a nation." The United States has had a central bank since I believe 1918 or 1917. So we've been long on our way for that. I don't think it's a conspiracy theory, as much as it is a fact that most people don't learn about. Communism believes in total control of banking, total control of communication, total control of transportation and transport. These are things that are on their way. Do you think that Amazon, if there was total control of communication, are going to hurt? Of course not. They'll benefit from that because they'll be one of the corporations involved in that in Silicon Valley.

"WE JUST NEED REAL LAW AND ORDER OF SOME SORT, LIKE TRUE JUSTICE, TRUE LAW AND ORDER—FOR NOT JUST THE PEOPLE, BUT THE POLITICIANS."

CREDIT: REX MANNING

> **“I COMPETE WITH MOST LEFT-WING PEOPLE ON SOCIAL MEDIA, BECAUSE PEOPLE ARE SEEKING THE TRUTH, AND THEY’RE RUNNING OUT OF PLACES TO GET IT.”**

A lot of people on the left think communism is this edgy way to fight the corporations, but I believe if you read the *Communist Manifesto* with an open mind and have common sense, you’ll see exactly why it never was a threat to the establishment. In fact, it’s more of a consolidation of the establishment and the abolishment of private property. One of Marx’s cornerstone ideas, in fact, was the abolishment of private property. If you don’t own private property, it’s game over for the people—and that’s what we’re seeing today.

Isn’t the amount of power private corporations have over communication and transport and banking evidence of capitalism in action?
I would say that’s very naïve because if you read how [Communists] want total control of banking and communication, it would be a pipe dream to assume that would trickle down to the working class. I’m sure that’s what Marx conned people into thinking, where it’s like, “Oh yeah, now we’re going to get the power.” But at what point if you give one entity or one person, or one government, or whoever is this Communist leader who implements it, if you give them total control of communication, total control of banking and the abolishment of private property, I don’t see how a bright person could think that that’s going to trickle down and result in working-class success. That’s incredibly naïve.

That’s a critique of communism, but it doesn’t line up with the idea that big businesses, like Silicon Valley corporations, want communism.
Right now, the private entities that are Facebook and whatnot, they kind of play both sides of the coin to get Section 230, which is really protections as if they’re a phone line or something. So they play both sides, where they’re not a publisher, then they are a publisher. Right now, I would say with Facebook, with Google, with Twitter, with Amazon, these companies control a large portion, if not a majority of the United States’ communication network. The idea that this is just going to go away ... where’s is it going to go? Why are they supporting these ideas? Things are consolidating in their favor, and if somebody like Joe Biden gets in power, you’re going to have the White House working seamlessly with these corporations.

So what’s your optimal vision for America?
Even this year with all the crazy shutdowns, it could have been much worse. But the reason it wasn’t, I truly believe, is that most people are good people. Most people in this country are great people. That’s why we didn’t have a total breakdown of society, even with all this chaos. Your country is only as good as your people. We just need real law and order of some sort, like true justice, true law and order—for not just the people, but the politicians. We can’t just have lawlessness. We can’t just have a chaotic crime situation [like what] we’re seeing now, where the people who are against right-wingers are all of a sudden libertarian when it comes to murder and looting.

These are the few laws that I actually believe in. And I don’t consider myself a libertarian either, by the way. But I think we could do a lot of big things, but we need to stop dividing with the media. We need to stop being petty about words, and political correctness, to me, is just the worst because you can’t have real conversations about race. You can’t have real conversations about immigration. We can’t really have real conversations about anything with all this political correctness and overexaggeration of outrage over everything. We can do well, but people have to get over this hump of acting offended by everything and thinking their pronouns are the most important thing in the world instead of food, shelter, education, health care—these sort of things.

Because even with Trump as president, we’re running all over the place and we’re not actually coming together to solve these problems. It’s just a chaotic screaming-fest. I see good things happening, but we need a majority of people, I think, to elect Trump and a majority of people to be strong, to step up in their communities. Create an environment and a neighborhood that thrives, and we can go from there. I mean, it’s a complex question, but I think we can do fine, but it’s going to take a lot of strong and smart people stepping up to the plate.

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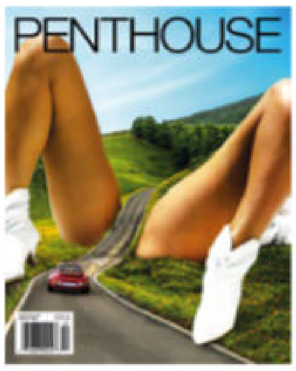

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LIGHT & SHADOW

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BORN and raised in southern Germany, Herb Schatten lives two lives: one as a scientist with a Ph.D. in chemistry, and the other as a photographer of sensual nudes.

Herb says his interest in photography coincided with the birth of his first child in the mid-'90s and adds, "I had the opportunity to restore an unused darkroom in our house and spent countless hours down there in the cellar, developing film and printing my pictures." His passion for photography was driven by the need to be creative, yet he says he lacked traditional artistic skills and admits, "I struggled to learn five chords on the guitar, totally failed to learn the piano and have no skills in painting." Instead, he turned to photography, using light to paint the beautiful muses that are his canvases. "In the beginning, I just wanted to take pictures," Schatten says. "A big game-changer for me was seeing that interesting light is the key to presenting something differently. This holds particularly true for nude photography, which is all about mood and lighting for me."

For Schatten, the appeal is in showcasing sensuality, rather than sex appeal. "As you get older, the pure sexual side of the female form gets less interesting. I'm always searching for the underlying beauty as well as the potency and power of women. You can see naked bodies everywhere but present a woman in a way where she has a secret, and the guys go crazy. They're always craving the forbidden fruit."

When it comes to the type of models he prefers to shoot, he says, "I don't have any strong preferences, but I tend to lean toward models older than 25 or 30. These women often have a more intense body expression when compared to younger models."

When asked if he has ever had a muse, Schatten's quietly coy. "This question makes me smile. I have photographed one particular woman over and over again, but I never published any pictures of her. She's a teacher and obviously nude photographs on social media aren't OK with her line of work. We are always joking that she is my muse, which is to some extent not that unfounded, as she really inspires me."

The secret to a great photo? "A photograph must not reveal everything. There has to be some kind of hidden part, a secret, or even something mysterious. This is what draws and keeps the viewers' attention."

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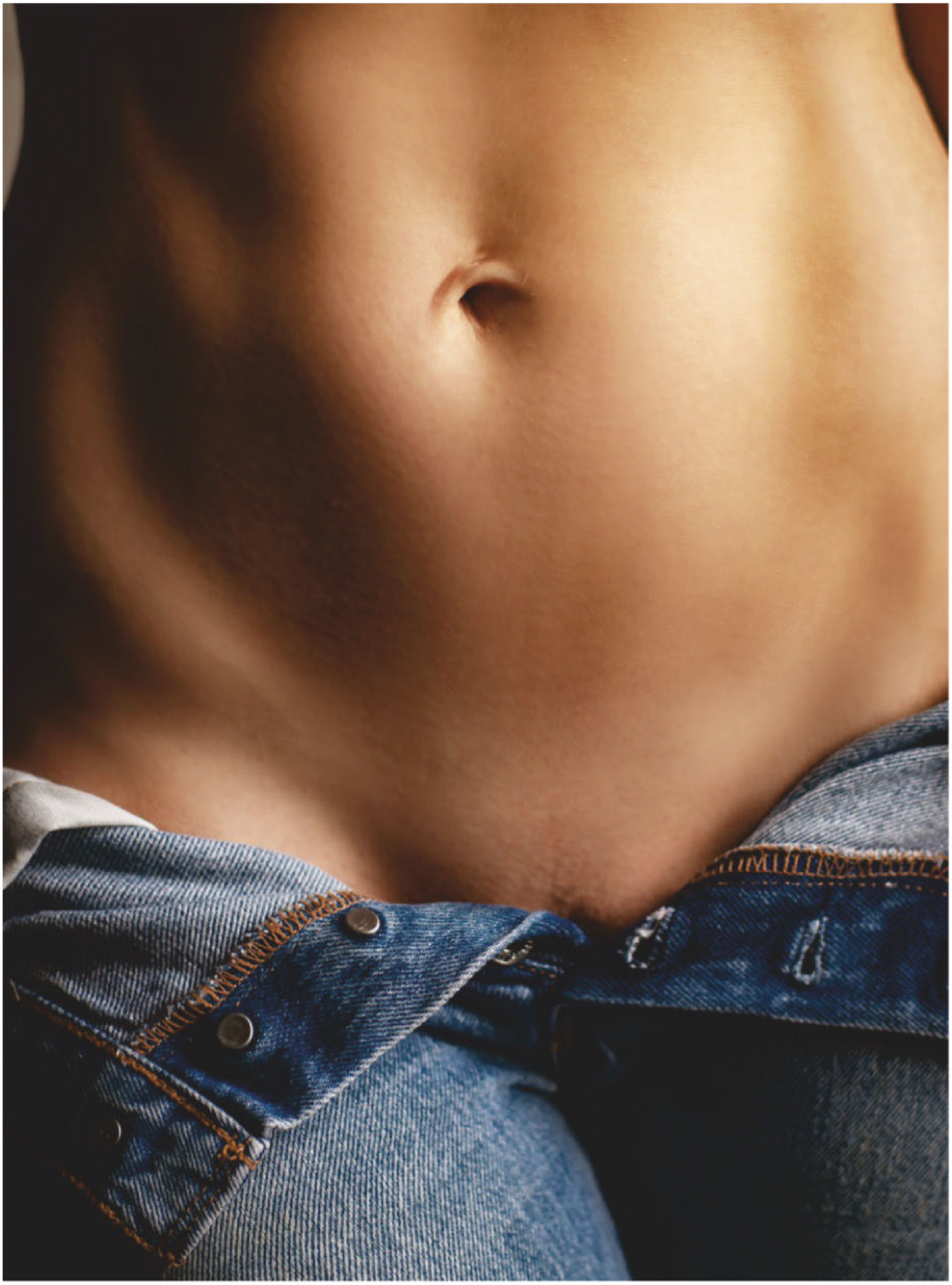

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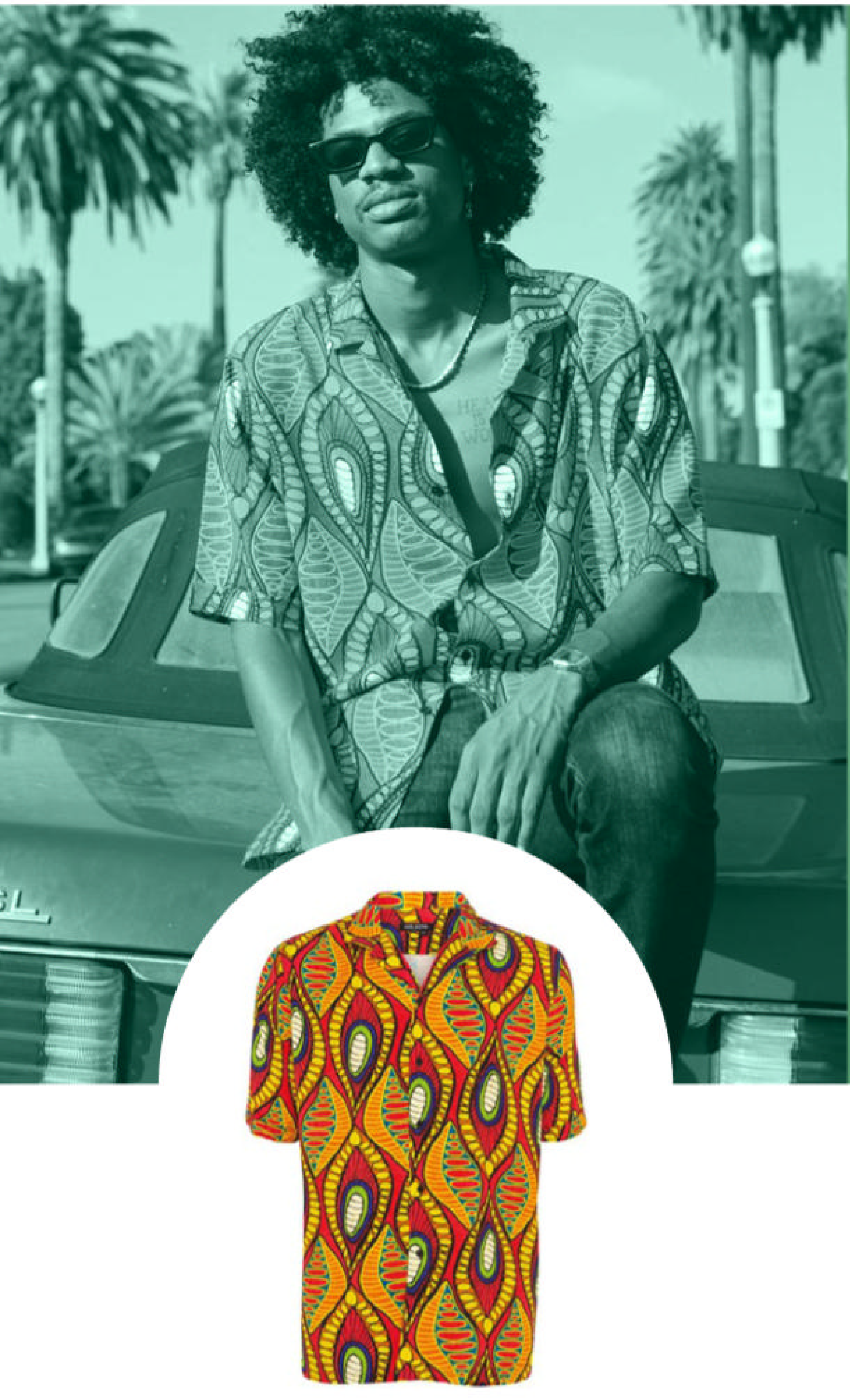

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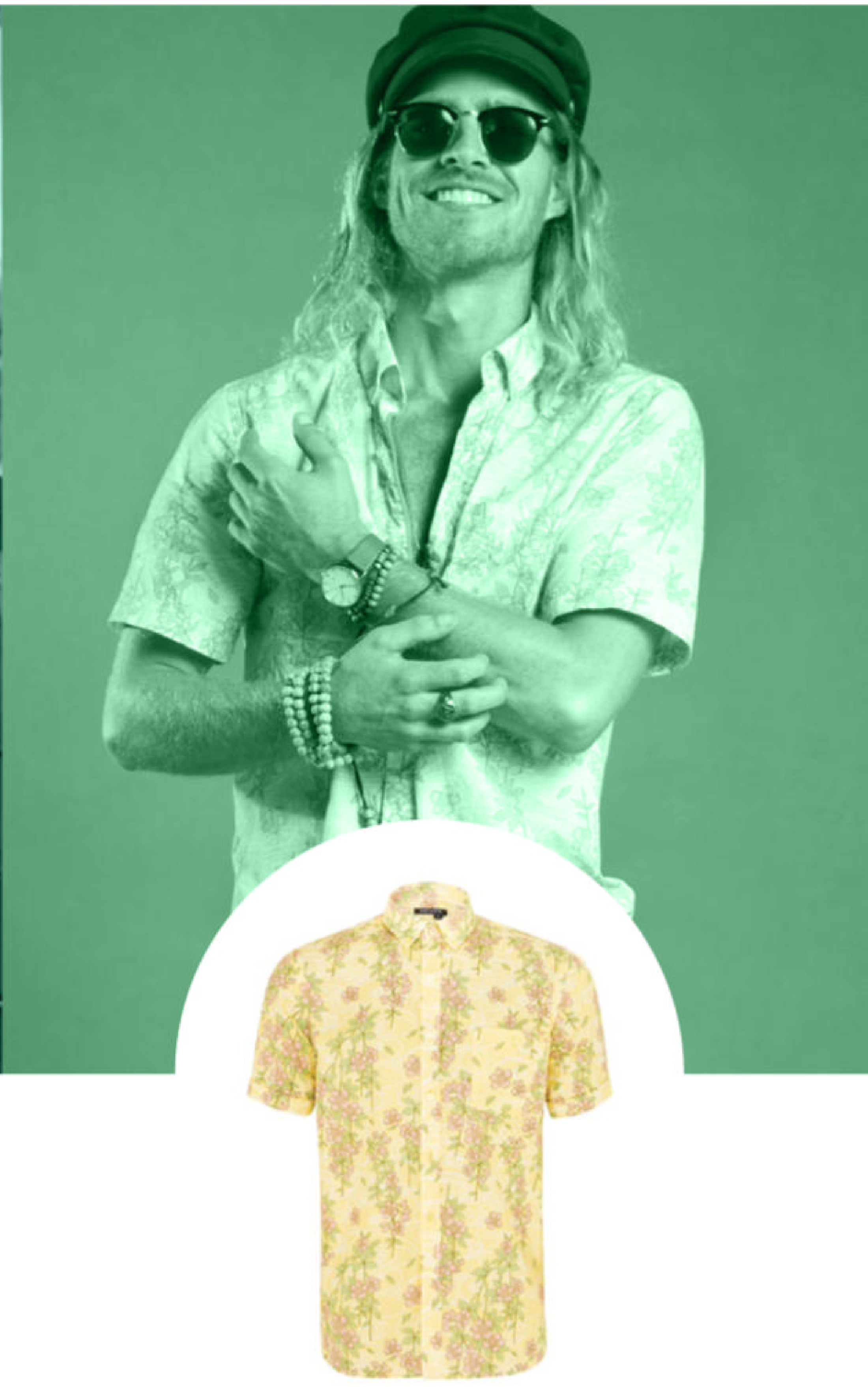

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MONTBLANC is about quality luxury accessories, seamlessly blending form with function. From their outstanding signature fountain pens to their sleek and stylish leather wallets, the German manufacturer's creations are crafted from the finest materials, making them favored by fans of quality and performance.

Recognizing more people are meeting online rather than face-to-face, Montblanc has heeded the demands of its loyal customer base to create a pair of multifunctional headphones that meet the brand's high-quality standards.

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HISENSE may have started out as a white goods producer in China nearly 70 years ago, but they have transformed into a leader in high-end electronics.

A recent addition to its catalog is the game-changing L5, a pioneering piece of technology that offers perfect 4K, Ultra HD imagery on a 100-inch screen, with the goal to introduce the ultimate cinematic experience to people within their own homes.

A JBL Cinema Sound System provides surround sound quality usually reserved for multiplex theaters, offering a truly immersive experience with everything you watch.

The high-end home cinema also features a dual color laser that sharpens everything you see onscreen, ridding the risk of light dispersion while offering a more natural viewing experience. This means it actually adapts to its surroundings, so you always have the best, sharpest image displayed right in front of you. Moreover, a VIDAA operating system brings it in line with the plethora of Smart TVs that are currently on the market.

Users can also gain instant access to providers such as Netflix and Amazon Prime Video, as well as Vudu, without the need to cast from your phone to an exterior Chromecast or Firestick.

Being a market leader in home TV does come at a cost, however. The most recent version of the L5 is available for $6,999, but all things considered, it might just be a bargain as you will never need to fork out for a trip to the movies again.

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Starlight Headliner Interior

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ROLLS-ROYCE is a true architect of the luxury vehicle. The name is synonymous with success, fortune and a high-end lifestyle—the royal family of car manufacturing. Since 2010, the Ghost has been one of their most sought-after models, a car sighted in only the most prestigious global locales.

Rolls-Royce has given the Ghost an upgrade for 2021, with plenty of personalized options to give you your own custom version of this bestseller. First up is an impressive 6.75L V12 – 850NM 563BHP engine that delivers impressive torque with low RPM, helping power and performance go hand in hand.

But its the subtle innovations are what really make this version of the Ghost stand out. Its laser headlights give you up to 600 meters of visual range, twice that of a standard LED. Effortless door opening ensures you will never have to struggle to step out with grace; it's like a virtual chauffeur at your beck and call.

And if you do just so happen to have a real chauffeur, you can sit back and relax in front of your built-in smart screen for meetings on the go. If you and your partner also require a little on-the-road aperitif, there's a champagne compartment fully equipped with glasses and a bottle holder.

And what would a Rolls-Royce be without the Spirit of Ecstasy proudly sitting atop the car's hood? Well, for this 2021 edition, the statuette appears from nowhere once the car is put into drive mode—as graceful as the vehicle it sits upon.

Alexander Kraft

INSTA- INSPIRED

STATELY MENSWEAR FROM @ALEXANDER.KRAFT, FOR THOSE WHO HOLD ONLY THE HIGHEST STANDARDS

IT takes a certain type of person to be the CEO of Sotheby's International Realty France-Monaco for over 30 years. An individual who knows the value of all things luxury. Berliner Alexander Kraft is that very individual, a man who just may be the most dapper chap on Instagram.

During his journey, studying law in the U.K., U.S. and Germany, Kraft has managed to develop a timeless style that has become the go-to example of the classy modern man.

The proof is all on his Instagram account, where the current Monaco resident regularly posts snaps of himself in all his grandeur at locations reserved exclusively for those who have a bit of money to throw around.

He's even produced his own collection of impeccably tailored garments under the name Alexander Kraft Monte Carlo, a range of timeless pieces that ooze class and style. From camel hair polo overcoats to stately tweed trousers, it's made for those who hold only the highest standards.

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THE SEXUAL PSYCHE OF PIERRE SCHMIDT

"SEEING MY ARTWORK BLAZED ACROSS A BILLBOARD ON SUNSET BOULEVARD AND IN TIMES SQUARE WAS SURREAL AS FUCK"

PIERRE Schmidt, more commonly known as drømsjel, is a digital collage artist and illustrator, living and working in Berlin. Viewing his work feels like watching vintage porn on acid. Mind-bending psychedelia and erotic imagery combine with graphic illustrations and traditional collage techniques. And like classic surrealistic artists' creations, Schmidt's work is always open to the viewer's interpretation.

Where did the name "drømsjel" come from?
It's two Norwegian words merged together, meaning "dream soul."

What draws you to creating surreal and erotic artworks?
Eroticism is not my main objective when creating the works. It's more about capturing the feeling, the awe one feels in seeing something beautiful or grotesque for the first time—in the world, in a person, in dreams. It's a feeling I look to capture.

Where does your inspiration come from?
I am inspired all the time by the past. Vintage publications, such as *Penthouse*, have always been a great source for inspiration. The color palettes, the grain of the paper at the time the image went to print, the fashion, the lighting. These elements play a huge part in inspiring me to create a new artwork. I would say my main inspiration is the past and the evolution of society. All those dreams of a 1950s man or woman, materializing through the next wave of liberation, and so it goes into the next decade.

As for being inspired by specific people, there are too many to mention. I created a series of works based off Nietzsche's theories of morality at one time, yet I am equally inspired by musicians, films, documentaries and other artists such as Dalí or David Hockney. There are many of their influences in my works. David Lynch is a great inspiration, then so is Beethoven, Stanley Kubrick, Wes Anderson, Miley Cyrus, Lady Gaga, metal bands such as The Black Dahlia Murder and documentaries by Adam Curtis. I could go on ...

Where do you source the images that appear in your collages?
I find them on the internet or scan actual physical copies of vintage publications, magazines, catalogs or scour antique bookstores and flea markets for original photos.

What's been your favorite image or bank of images find?
I have a huge library of digital images; I couldn't tell you where one came from the next. I see and store clippings from modern backgrounds used on takeaway menus posted through my letterbox every week, right down to the shape of a petal on a flower from a children's storybook that could've been published in 1935.

What tools do you use to create your pieces?
A computer, the internet, Photoshop, a scanner and a top-dollar printer.

My wife calls my studio setup "Mission Control." Sadly for her, though, I have not perfected my setup. I could always add on more! As I'm always looking for new technical ways to create and make my workflow more comfortable. Like I said, now with my interest in programming and having the ability to create my own digital brushes, it is something I could and will probably do forever.

What's your relationship with Instagram like?
It's been great. Instagram is kind of an invaluable platform to see an artist's works. I mean, nobody can just jump on a plane to Japan at the drop of a hat and walk into a gallery to see works by an artist they've heard is putting on a great show. Instagram is an accessible 24/7 gallery. I love that.

You have more than 150,000 followers on Instagram. Has it been a steady climb or was there a moment it spiked?
It's always been gradual, but there were a few points where it did explode. I manage my account myself, reply myself and say hi myself. There's no magic behind it for me in gaining followers, but having people like Wayne Coyne of The Flaming Lips, Miley Cyrus, members of the Gorillaz and Lady Gaga having shared or liked my works has helped hugely. Once they did that then, yeah, my phone was buzzing for days!

What was it like being asked to create the promotional artwork for Lady Gaga's 2017 Netflix documentary *Five Foot Two*?
Crazy. I'm really proud they chose me to produce the artwork. The filmmaker and director, Chris Moukarbel, contacted me directly on Instagram and had chosen me specifically to create the cover and promo work. This was unusual for Netflix to say yes to, as they have great talent there, so I was really thrilled to be working with them, too. It was a dream gig. The director is such a great guy, hugely talented. He had a vision but gave me space and trusted me to do what I do. Netflix was amazing and hugely supportive throughout the process, also. Lady Gaga, her manager, her team who shot the image I worked with, were all just really positive, easy to discuss creative processes with and were all thrilled with the outcome. Seeing my artwork blazed across a billboard on Sunset Boulevard and in Times Square was surreal as fuck. Clicking on Netflix and watching the documentary for the first time was really emotional, too.

Is art a full-time gig for you now?
Yeah, it is now. But three years ago—in fact, just before the Lady Gaga job—I was also washing pots in a restaurant to get by. When my co-workers saw my artworks for the first time they were like "Why are you here?" I've also been a bicycle repairman, post office sorter and a graphic designer in an ad agency. I liked washing pots the most. But I don't make art for money. I make art because, well, I couldn't stop if I tried.

Who would your dream client be?
My dream client would be the Berlin Symphony Orchestra and creating artworks for the Beethoven anniversary concert celebrations. They've been postponed until next year. So you know, I'm just throwing it out there in case someone over there is reading *Penthouse*.

What are you working on right now?
I'm reworking/upgrading artworks to higher resolutions for my store and actually in the process of creating some huge custom pieces for a well-known actor. Can't share who, can't share what, but you never know ... they might.

WEBSITE: **dromsjel.com**
INSTAGRAM: **@dromsjel**

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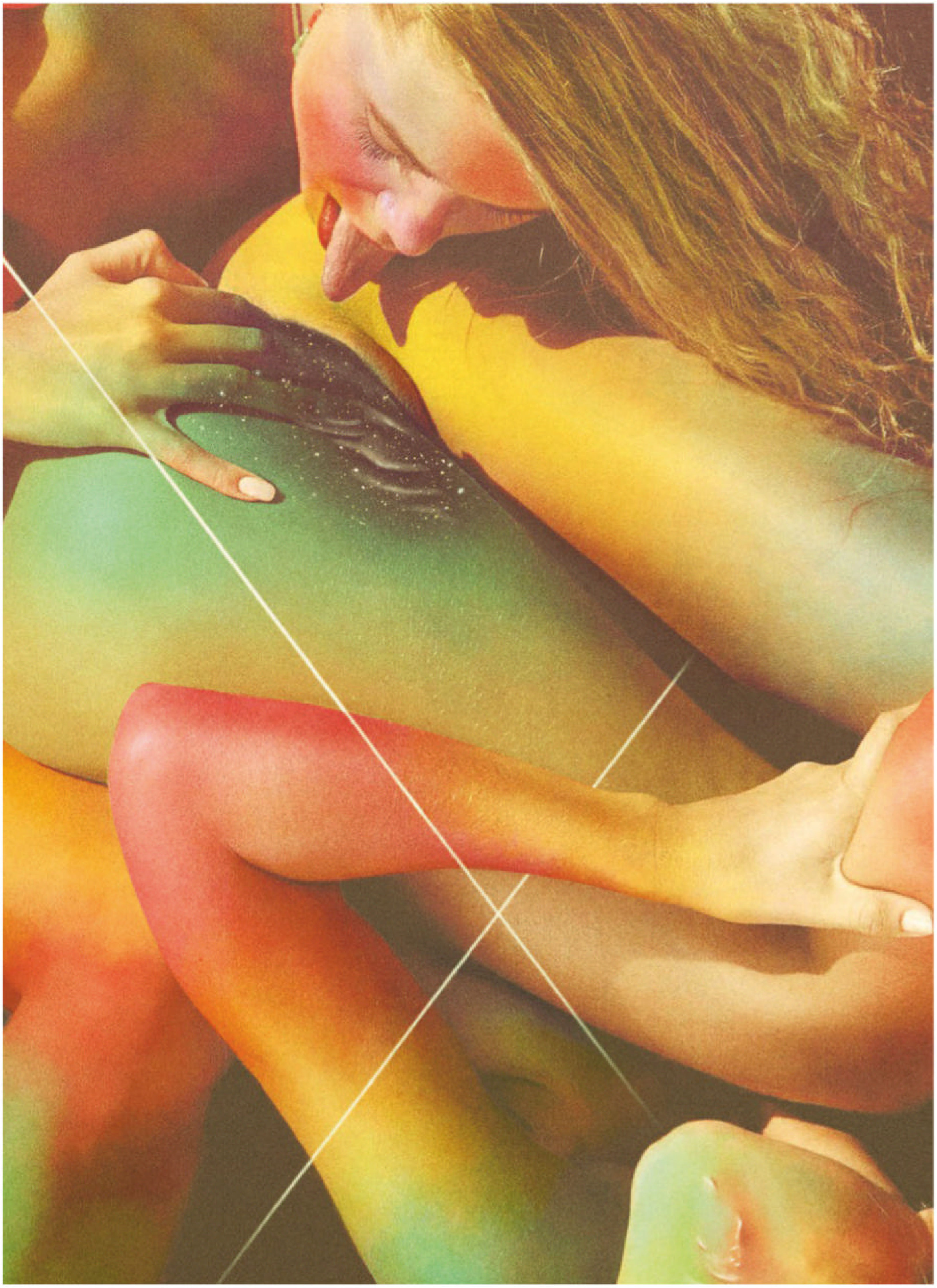


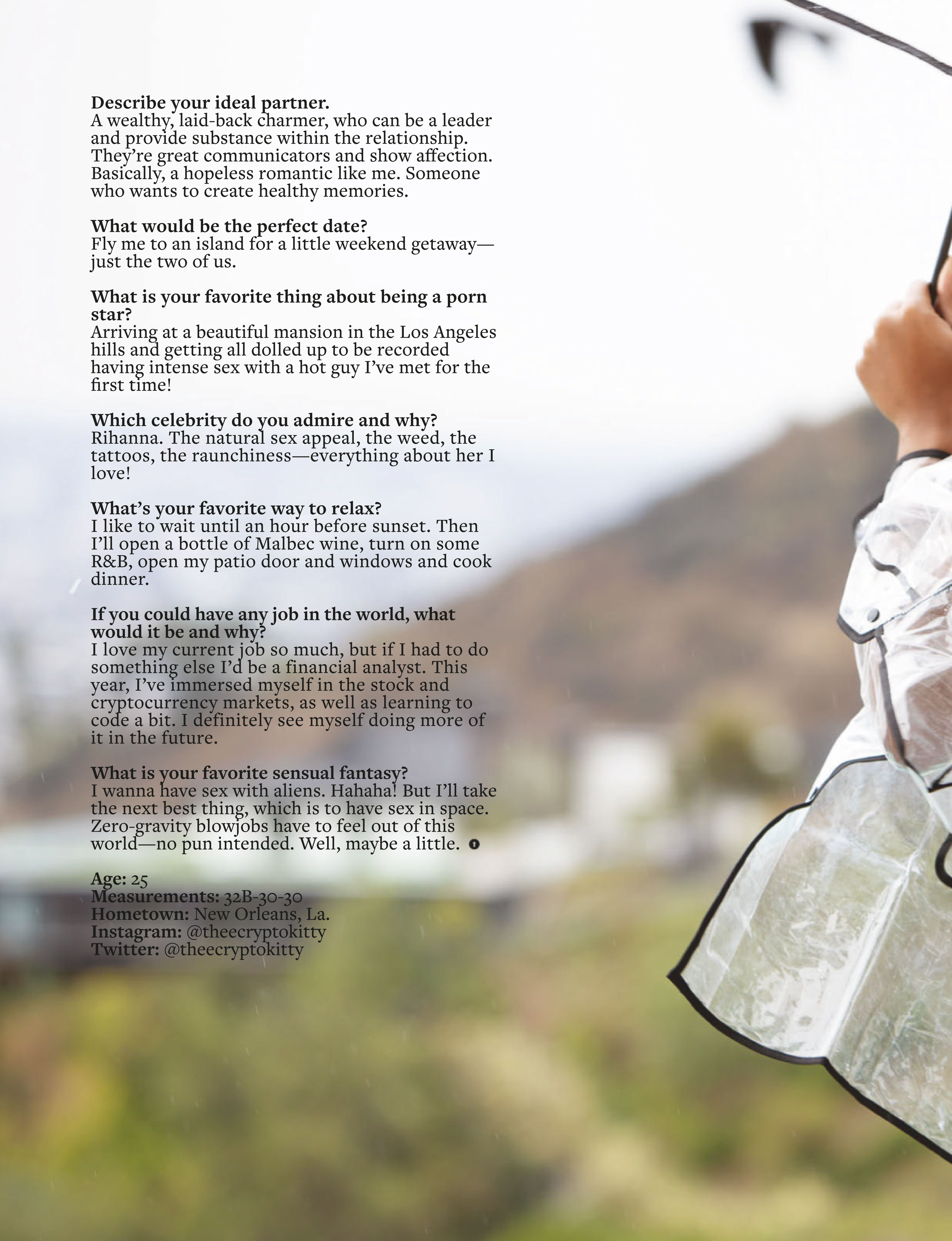
POSE FOR
PENTHOUSE
MODELS@PENTHOUSE.COM

ALL THAT SASS

NEW ORLEANS native Lacey London is more than just a pretty face. The former ballerina has both beauty and brains—and an energetic personality that makes men stand at attention. Our March Pet of the Month may keep her finger on the pulse of the stock and cryptocurrency markets, but she also excels at the business of pleasure! At 25, she's kick-started a successful adult career, launched the sassy T-shirt company Go Go Bimbo and has her eyes focused on the future. But for now, our eyes are on her.

LACEY LONDON

PHOTOGRAPHER
GERALD DE BEHR
INSTAGRAM: @GERALDDEBEHR



Describe your ideal partner.
A wealthy, laid-back charmer, who can be a leader and provide substance within the relationship. They're great communicators and show affection. Basically, a hopeless romantic like me. Someone who wants to create healthy memories.

What would be the perfect date?
Fly me to an island for a little weekend getaway—just the two of us.

What is your favorite thing about being a porn star?
Arriving at a beautiful mansion in the Los Angeles hills and getting all dolled up to be recorded having intense sex with a hot guy I've met for the first time!

Which celebrity do you admire and why?
Rihanna. The natural sex appeal, the weed, the tattoos, the raunchiness—everything about her I love!

What's your favorite way to relax?
I like to wait until an hour before sunset. Then I'll open a bottle of Malbec wine, turn on some R&B, open my patio door and windows and cook dinner.

If you could have any job in the world, what would it be and why?
I love my current job so much, but if I had to do something else I'd be a financial analyst. This year, I've immersed myself in the stock and cryptocurrency markets, as well as learning to code a bit. I definitely see myself doing more of it in the future.

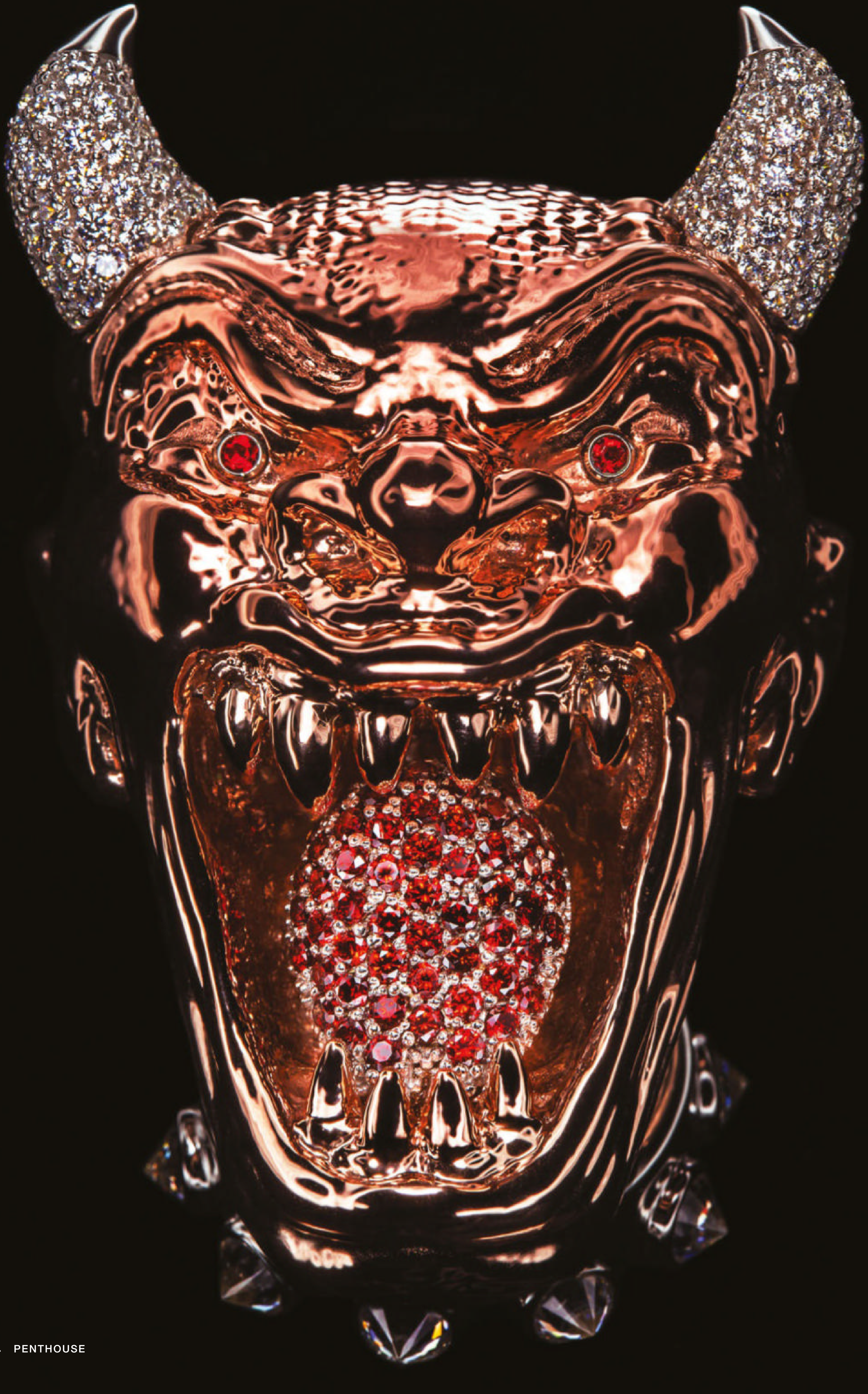
What is your favorite sensual fantasy?
I wanna have sex with aliens. Hahaha! But I'll take the next best thing, which is to have sex in space. Zero-gravity blowjobs have to feel out of this world—no pun intended. Well, maybe a little.

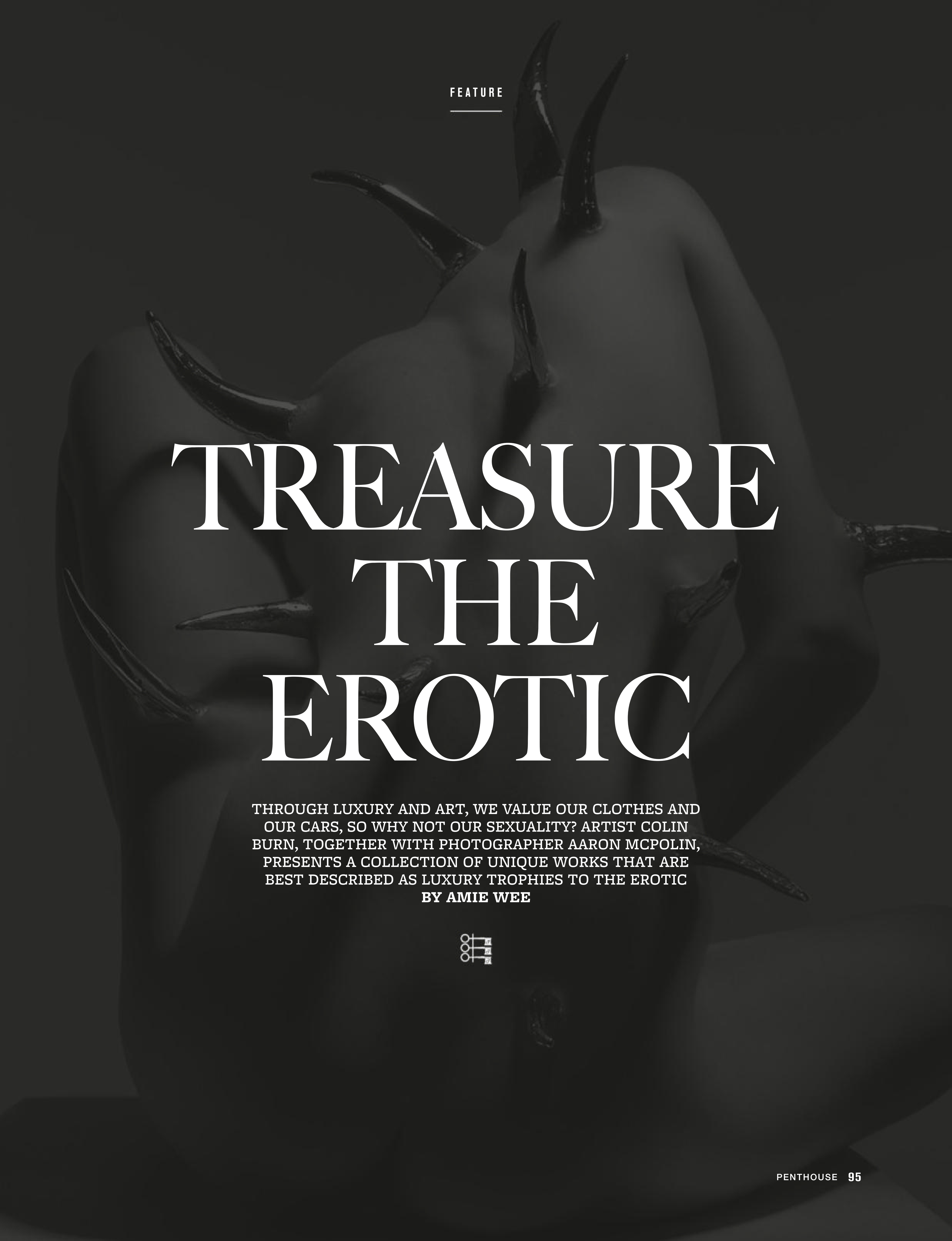
Age: 25
Measurements: 32B-30-30
Hometown: New Orleans, La.
Instagram: @theecryptokitty
Twitter: @theecryptokitty

“MY PUSSY GETS ME IN TROUBLE.”

—LACEY LONDON

PAUL ANTHONY
paulanthonylabelsydney.com





TREASURE THE EROTIC

THROUGH LUXURY AND ART, WE VALUE OUR CLOTHES AND OUR CARS, SO WHY NOT OUR SEXUALITY? ARTIST COLIN BURN, TOGETHER WITH PHOTOGRAPHER AARON MCPOLIN, PRESENTS A COLLECTION OF UNIQUE WORKS THAT ARE BEST DESCRIBED AS LUXURY TROPHIES TO THE EROTIC

BY AMIE WEE

COLIN Burn redefined the meaning of high-end sex toys when he made headlines in 2018 after creating the world's most expensive adult plaything: a $1.8 million platinum vibrator encrusted with 2,000 flush-set diamonds and topped with royal-blue sapphires and rare pink diamonds.

Throughout his three-decade career as a fine art jeweler, Burn's work has received accolades from the Australian and Japanese governments, as well as leading Australian sporting groups, which has helped him forge a successful career. We spoke to Burn about the impetus behind his art, his unique online museum—Treasure the Erotic—and essentially, how an apprentice electroplater from Perth, Australia, came to design some of the world's most opulent and aspirational sex toys.

What inspired you to become a jeweler?

My career commenced in Perth as an apprentice electroplater, [utilizing] the science of coating base metals with protective metals like chrome, silver or gold. After graduating, I moved to Sydney and worked for a silverware-making company owned by the renowned Australian jewelers Angus & Coote. Working at the factory inspired me to advance my precious metalworking skills into fine jewelery making. I moved back to Perth and commenced experimenting with the idea of coating natural elements with precious metals. This process is a difficult science that took me two full years of trial and error before inventing my own unique formula to master the technique. This inspired me to start my first jewelery company, "Kristen Leigh," in 1985 (named after my daughter, who was born that year). The unique jewelery I was creating was made from real flowers and leaves that I would coat in pure gold and often set with precious gems.

How did you transition from creating commercial jewelery to designing diamond-studded sex toys?

Over the years, my commercial work became well-recognized and used as national gifts by the Australian government, which led to interest from the Japanese government. In 1993, I was selected by JETRO—a Japanese government organization that assists trade between countries—and taken to Japan to participate in their prestigious Export to Japan Study Program. This limited and hand-selected program commenced a lifelong love affair with Japan and further inspired me to create a wider variety of fine jewelery for the Japanese market. In 1997, I moved to Broome, setting up a retail jewelery store, and continued to create jewelery for my Japanese clients using Broome South Sea pearls. In 2004 after a cheeky dinner conversation with friends, I hatched the idea of making a luxury gold vibrator. Always up for a creative challenge, I set about making the first prototype, which quickly led to a full-fledged business concept of creating luxury adult products for the Japanese market.

COLIN BURN

AARON MCPOLIN

What is the symbolism of using octopuses juxtaposed with nudity in your work?

This concept came from my time spent in Japan. I became fascinated with the art of Hokusai, perhaps the most famous of Japanese artists. His shunga woodblock print "The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife," depicting two octopuses making love to a Japanese pearl diver, seemed to have spurred a sexual fantasy culture within Japan called Tentacle Erotica. It seemed prolific in many of the manga magazines and in erotic Japanese movies. This concept inspired me to create my gold, pearl and diamond sculpture "Hokusai Dreaming" as a depiction of this famous Hokusai print. I wanted to pay homage to this powerful work depicting the sensual culture of the Japanese people, who are deeply connected to the ocean.

Tell us about Treasure the Erotic (treasuretheerotic.com).

Treasure the Erotic is an extravagant and opulent exhibition of symbolic erotic artworks created by myself and Aaron McPolin—having over 50 of the world's most opulent and expensive erotic artworks, each provoking and challenging the audience to consider how they value and honor their own eroticism.

As artists, we feel in our modern society explicit pornography seems to have claimed the forefront of the sexual narrative, overshadowing eroticism and its important nuances [and] leading to a misunderstanding and often a devaluing of the erotic.

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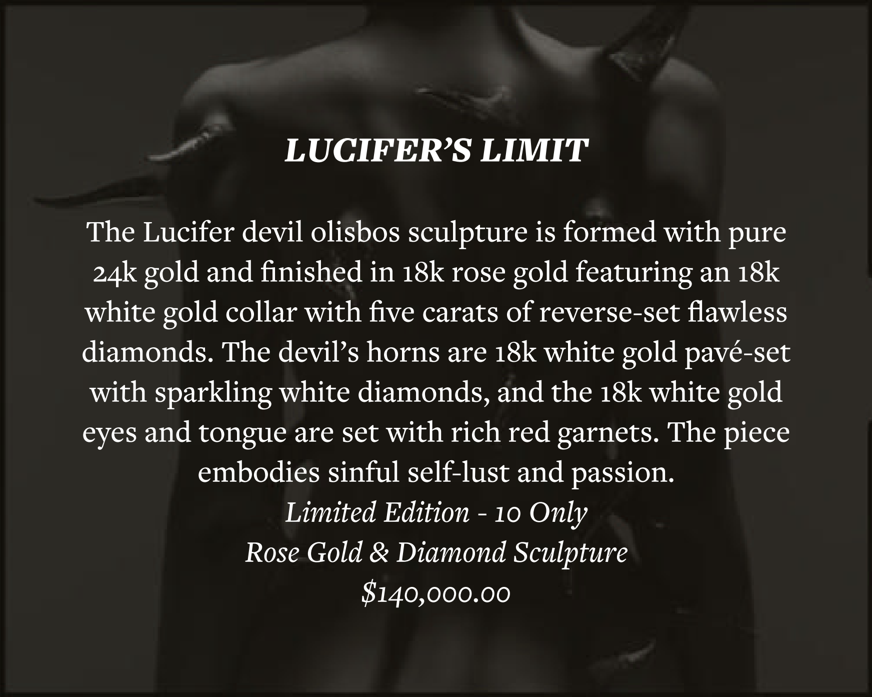
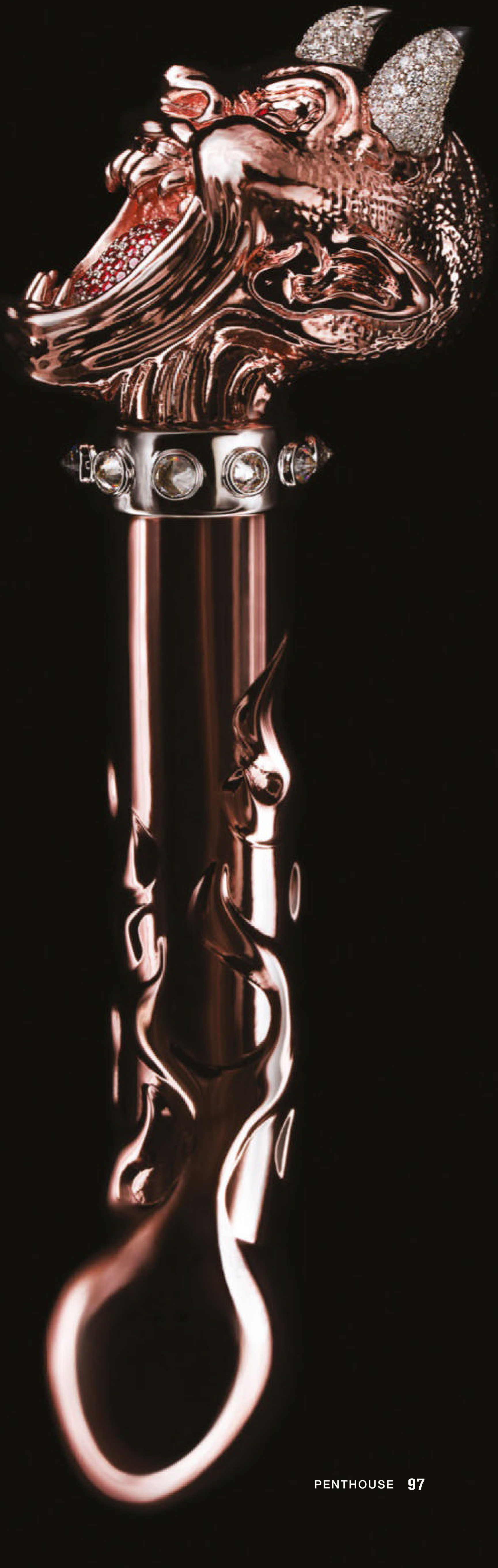
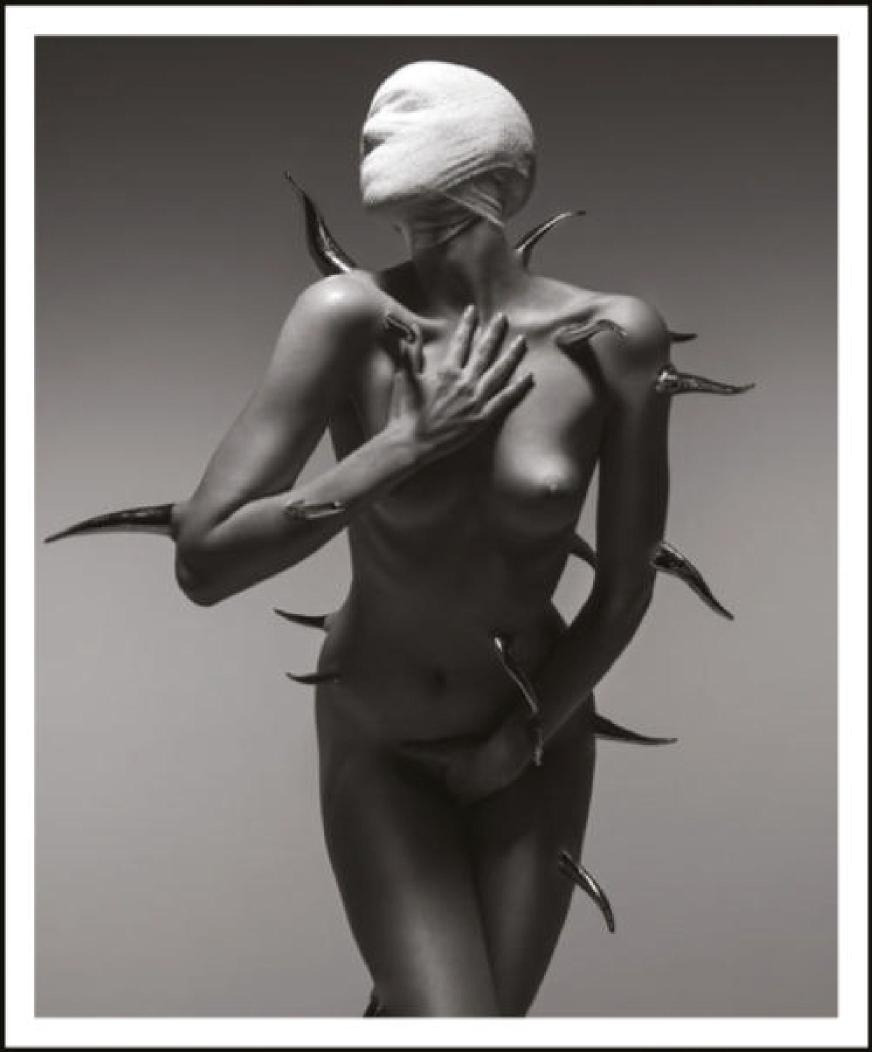


LUCIFER'S LIMIT

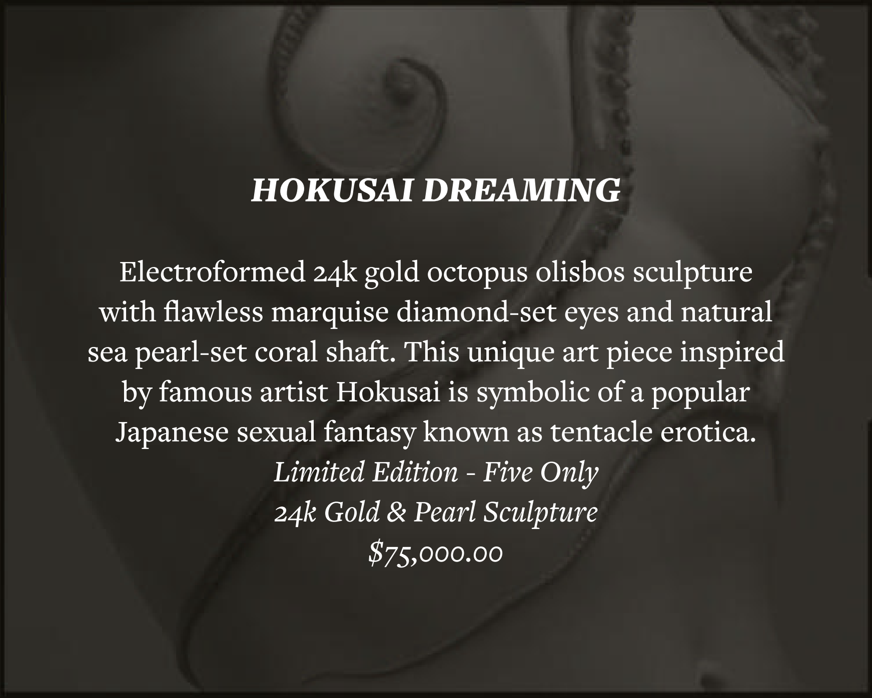
The Lucifer devil olisbos sculpture is formed with pure 24k gold and finished in 18k rose gold featuring an 18k white gold collar with five carats of reverse-set flawless diamonds. The devil's horns are 18k white gold pavé-set with sparkling white diamonds, and the 18k white gold eyes and tongue are set with rich red garnets. The piece embodies sinful self-lust and passion.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Rose Gold & Diamond Sculpture
$140,000.00





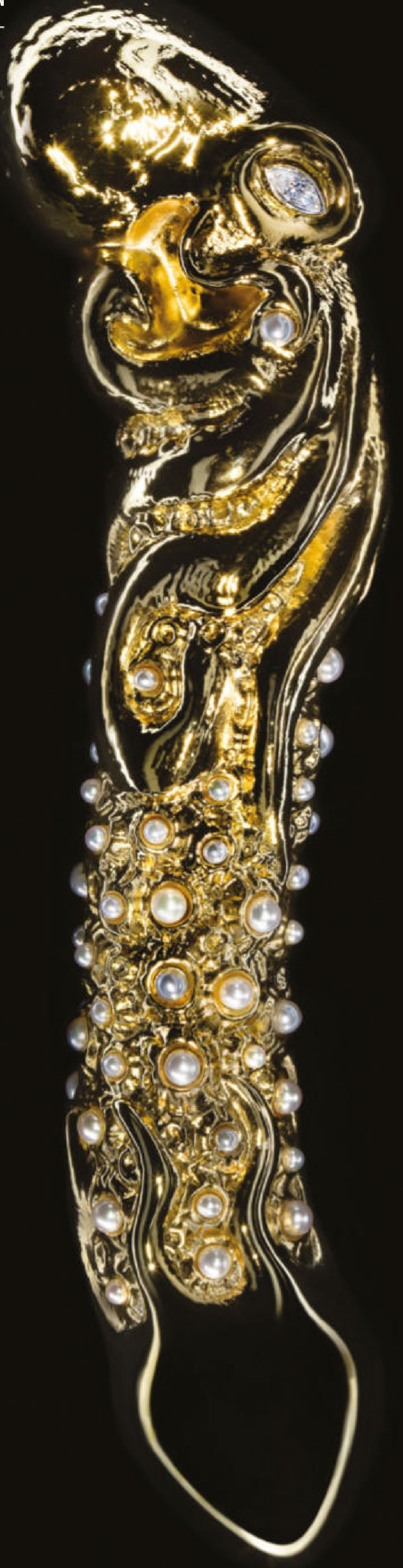
WILLFUL SIN I

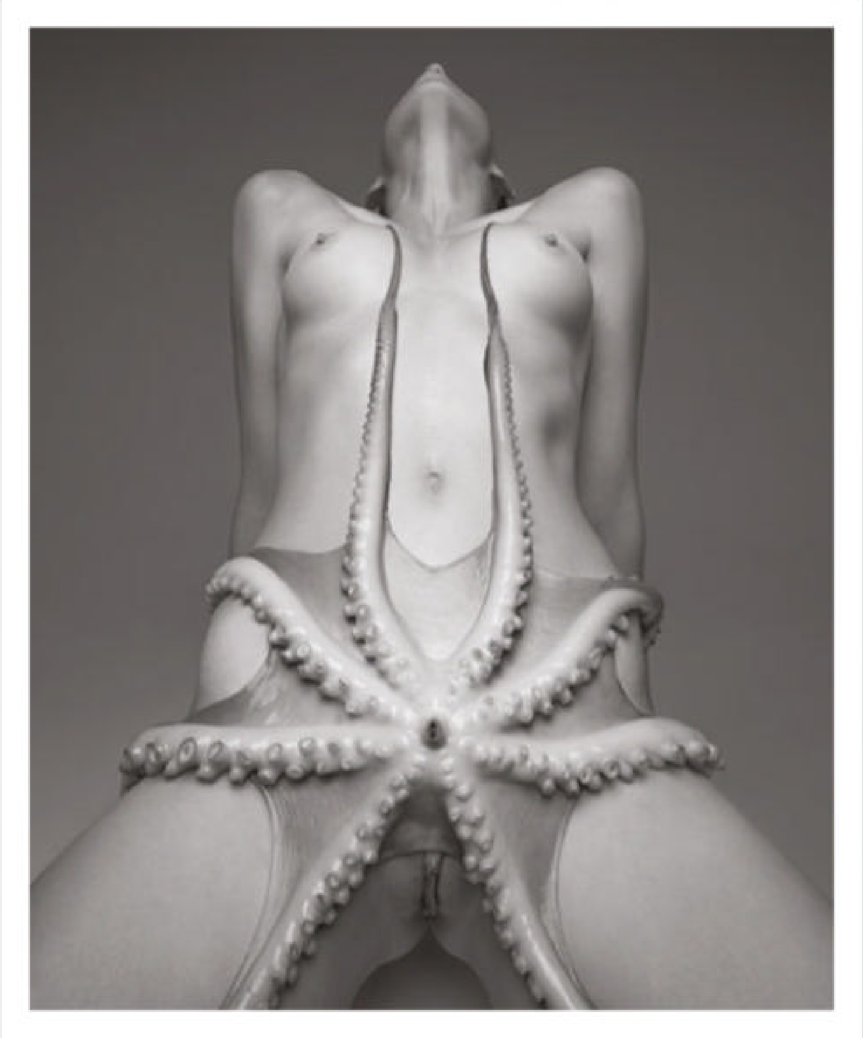
The masked figure represents the insecurities surrounding self-pleasure, whether shunned by religion or a misconception. We grow to love ourselves, we let the spikes emerge, and we reflect upon them as we delve deeper and deeper into our own sexual revolution.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $8,000.00



HOKUSAI DREAMING

Electroformed 24k gold octopus olisbos sculpture with flawless marquise diamond-set eyes and natural sea pearl-set coral shaft. This unique art piece inspired by famous artist Hokusai is symbolic of a popular Japanese sexual fantasy known as tentacle erotica.
Limited Edition - Five Only
24k Gold & Pearl Sculpture
$75,000.00



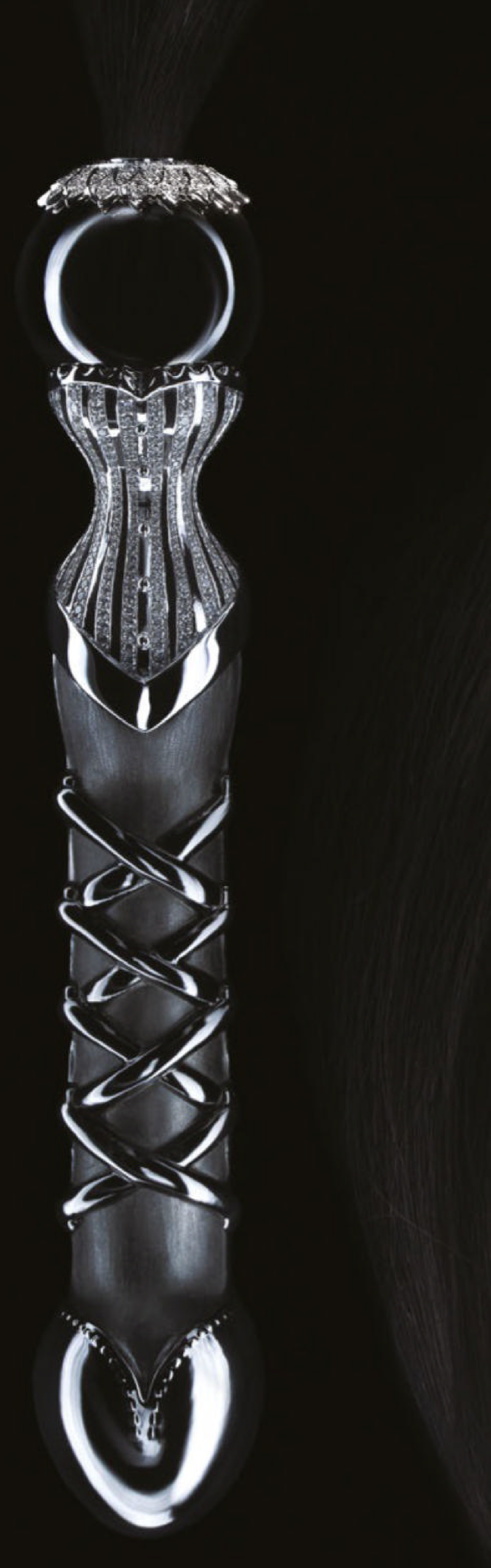


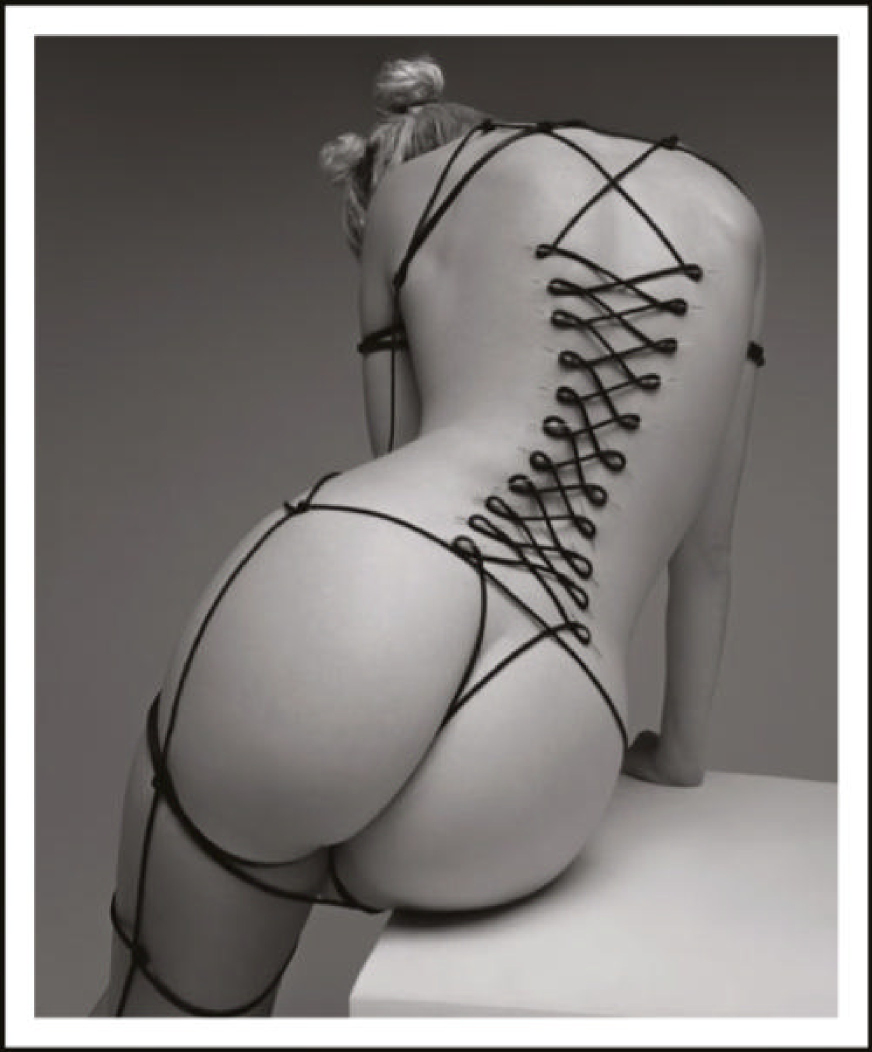
AMAS LUNAR STORM I

Inspiration was derived from my understanding of Japan's love of the ocean and the artist Hokusai, with his masterful 1814 artwork "The Dream of the Fisherman's Wife." I wanted to show the embrace and longing for another as the fisherman's wife is taken by her own imagination, wave after wave.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $8,000.00

THE COURTESAN

Pure 24k gold olisbos sculpture incorporating 18k solid white gold pavé diamond-set corset and diamond tiara with real human hair. The Courtesan sculpture is reflective of the female form bound wearing black latex. The hair is designed as a sensual whip while the sculpture is finished in shiny black rhodium, complementing the lustrous white gold diamond-set tiara and corset.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Black Gold & Diamond Sculpture
$120,000.00



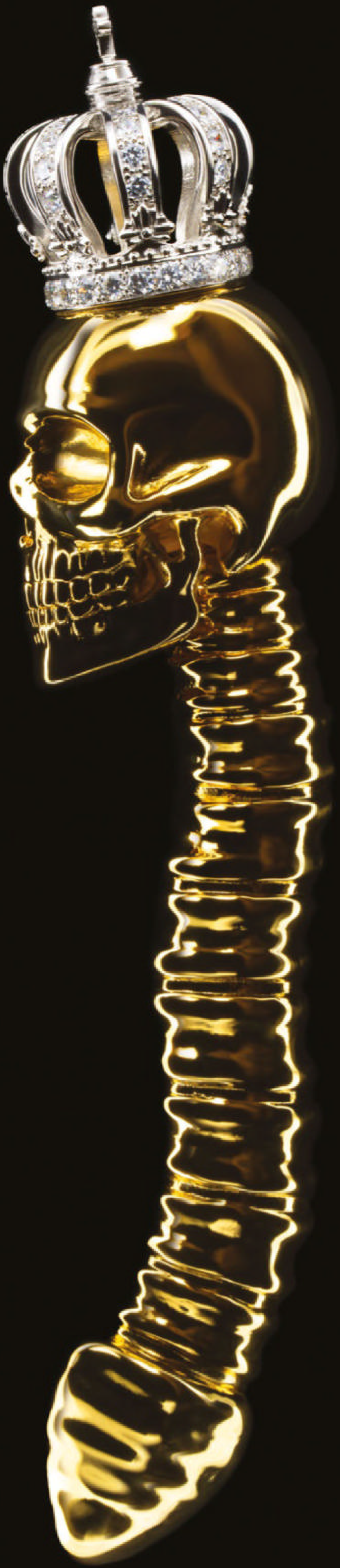


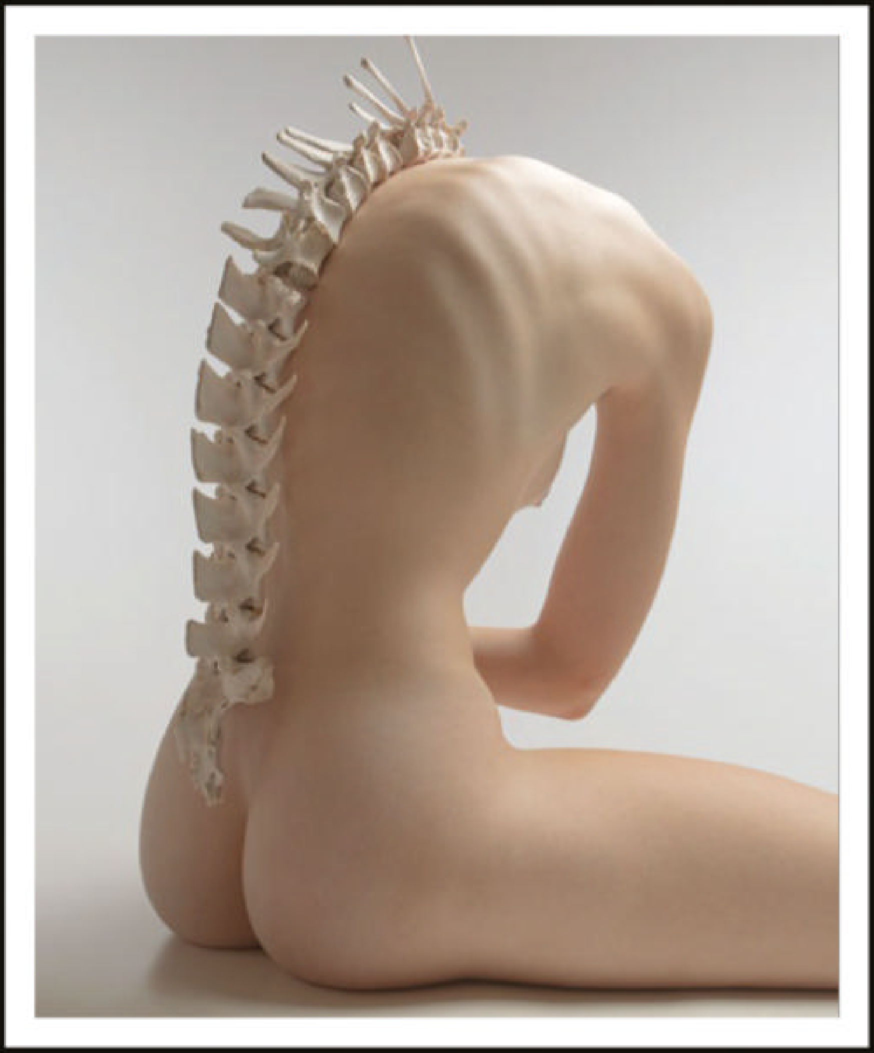
CONSENSUAL GATE II

Inspired by the BDSM subculture and its multitude of extraordinary artists, the art of shibari and needle play is combined to create a melding of body and mind. Skillfully an erotic journey is created through communication, touch and stimulus control.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $8,000.00

KINGS REMAINS

Pure 24k yellow gold skull and spinal olisbos sculpture featuring an 18k solid white gold royal crown, set with 10 carats of flawless sparkling white diamonds.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
10 Carat Diamond & Gold Sculpture
$160,000.00



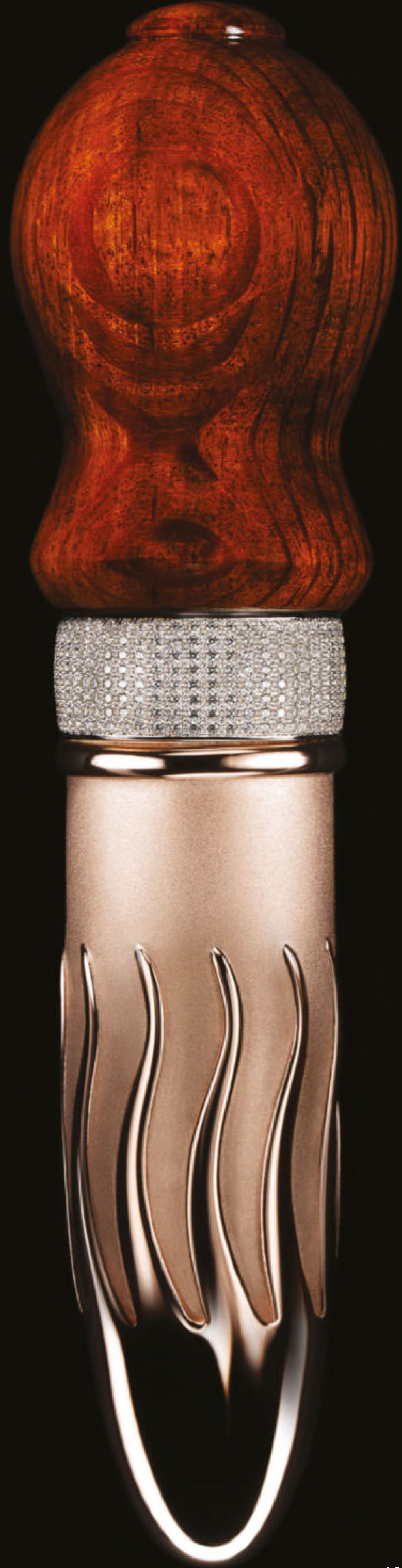


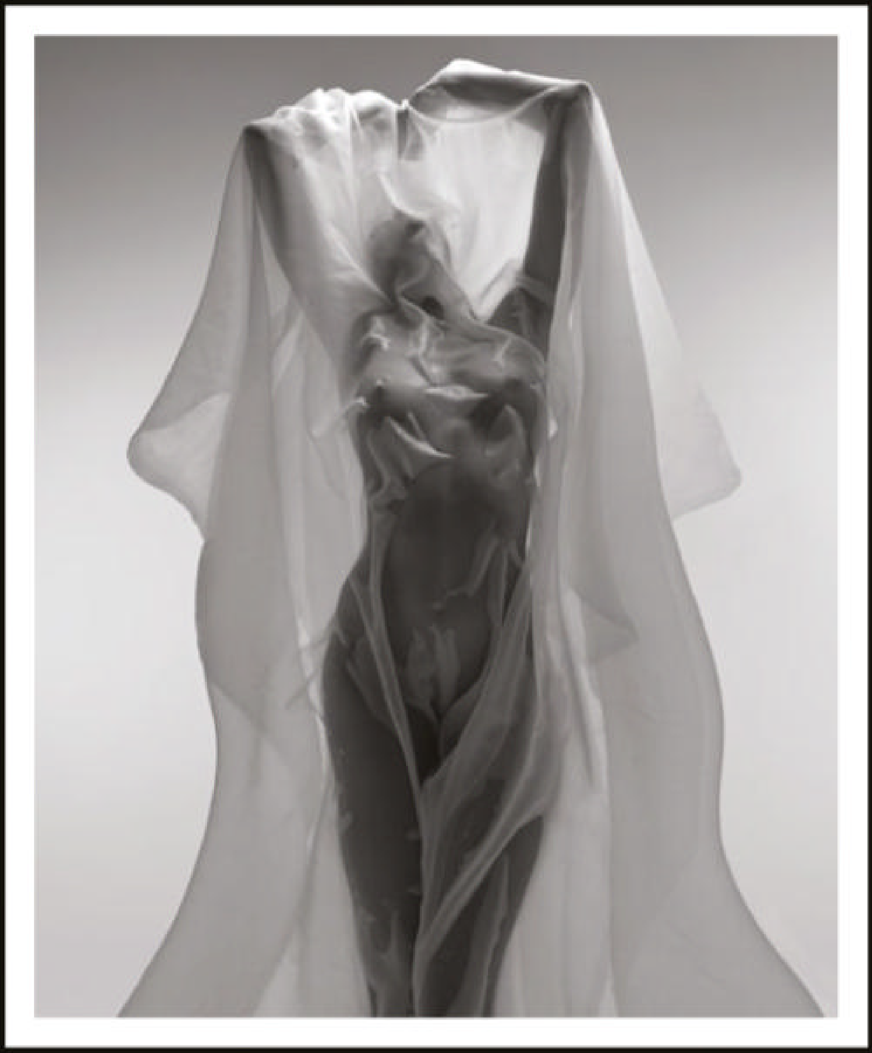
POSTHUMOUS REMAINS I

Anything that foreshadows a future event! True love never dies. Every kiss engraves my bones, etched eternally. I'll have to die to be reborn. For me, this series of artwork represents the armor of memories we keep, from the erotic experiences that shape and make us.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $8,000.00

IRUKANDJI

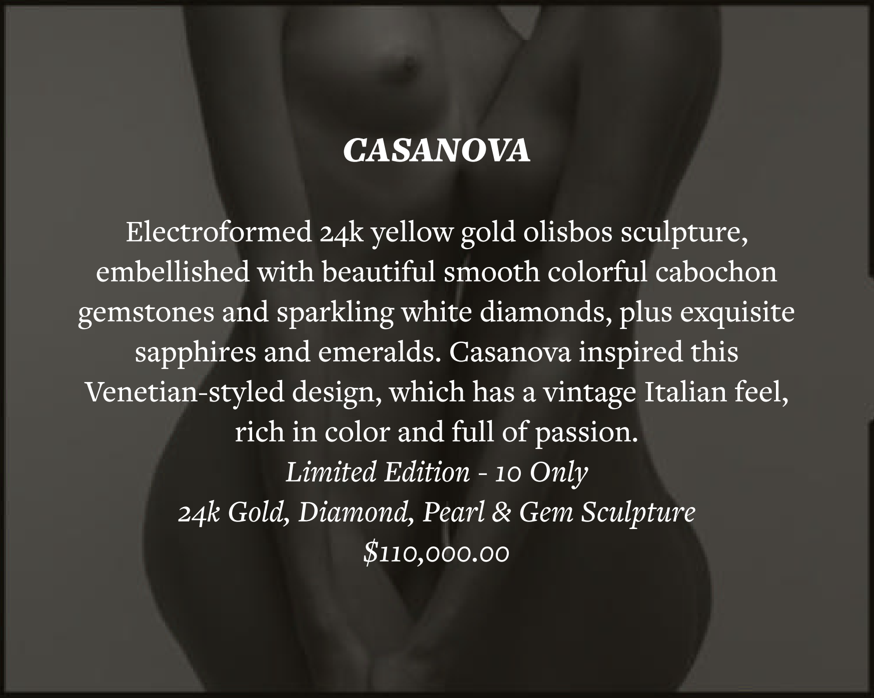
Electroformed 24k pure gold olisbos sculpture with solid 18k white gold band pavé-set with four carats of brilliant cut white diamonds. Finished in 18k rose gold with a high polished wooden handle. The Irukandji sculpture is symbolic of the deadly jellyfish by the same name.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Diamond & Gold Sculpture
$90,000.00





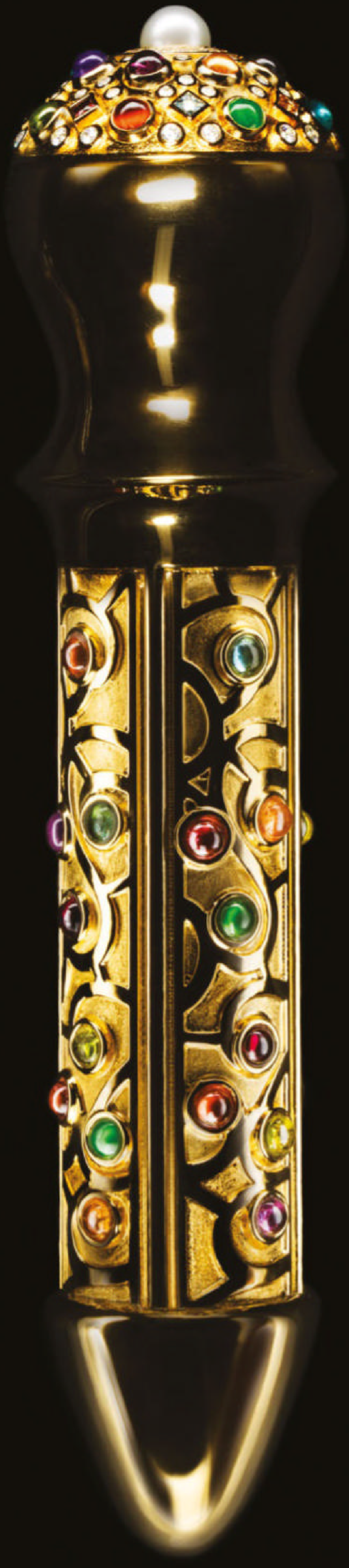
OMENS DRIFT II

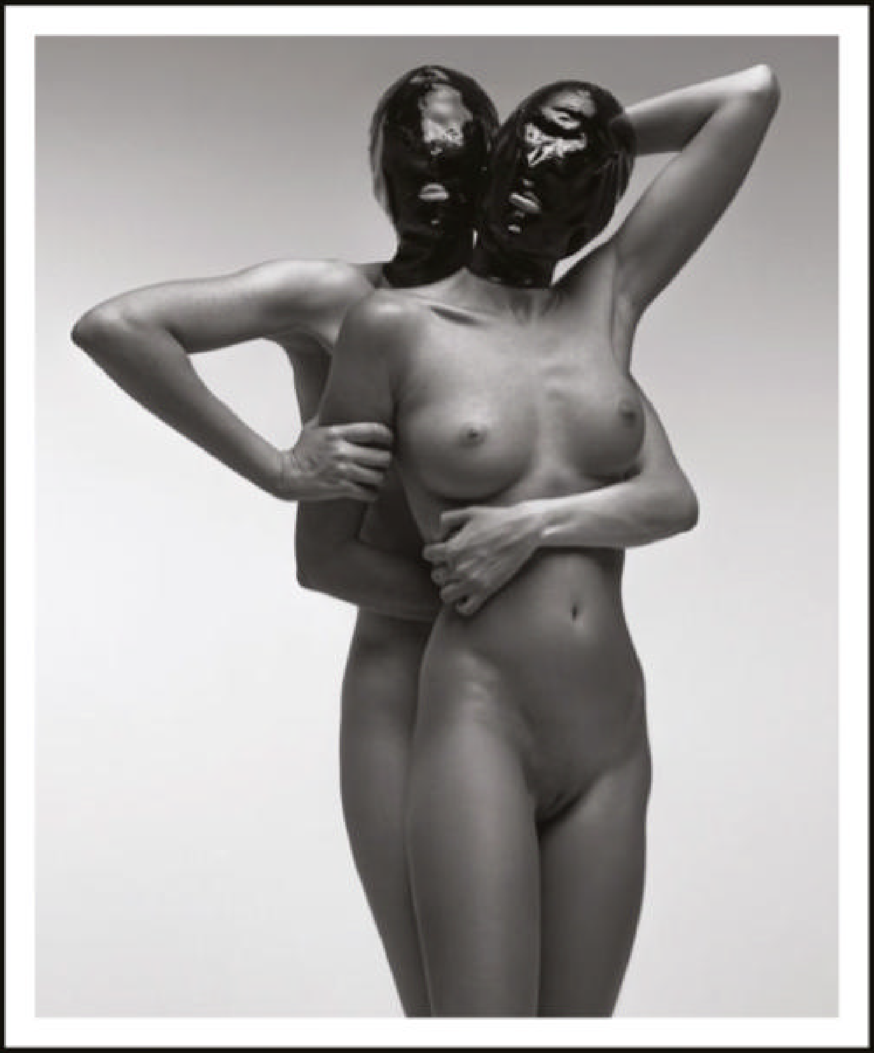
The omen, the unknown, a deadly vixen with no remorse, armed only with primal passion. I wanted to visually represent the jellyfish feeding on its prey, the pure intoxication when hearts are racing as the prey fights to survive, before the ultimate submission of giving its whole being to another.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $8,000.00



CASANOVA

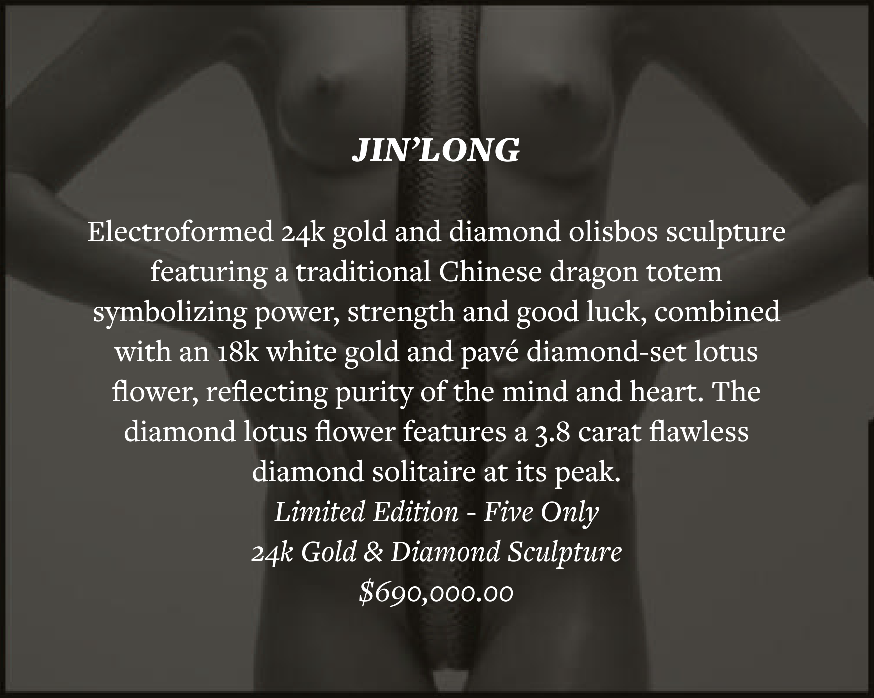
Electroformed 24k yellow gold olisbos sculpture, embellished with beautiful smooth colorful cabochon gemstones and sparkling white diamonds, plus exquisite sapphires and emeralds. Casanova inspired this Venetian-styled design, which has a vintage Italian feel, rich in color and full of passion.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
24k Gold, Diamond, Pearl & Gem Sculpture
$110,000.00





CHRYSALIS III

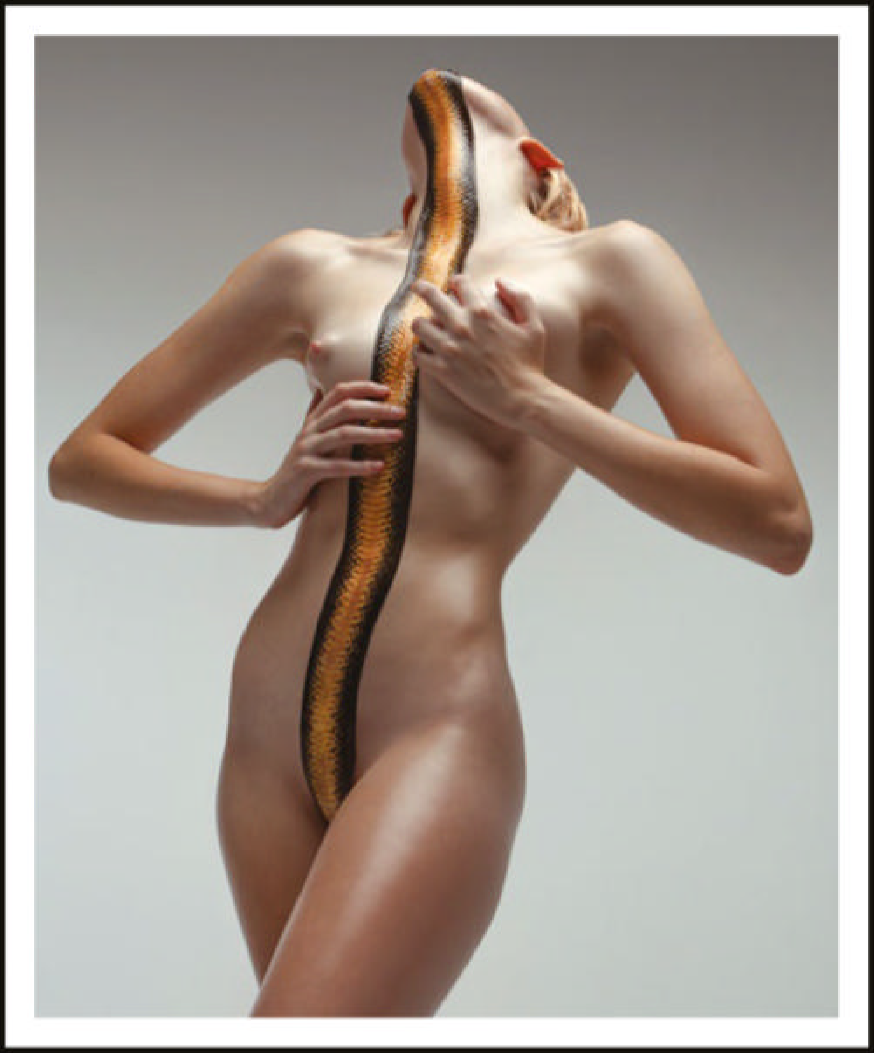
Hidden within the organic walls of the chrysalis is life and rebirth. With an alternative lens, I explore the Venetian masquerades, the metamorphosis, the ability to be molded anew. The latex masks synonymous with BDSM practices implore the user to trust, to be guided and to devote themselves willingly and anonymously.
Limited Edition - 10 Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $8,000.00



JIN'LONG

Electroformed 24k gold and diamond olisbos sculpture featuring a traditional Chinese dragon totem symbolizing power, strength and good luck, combined with an 18k white gold and pavé diamond-set lotus flower, reflecting purity of the mind and heart. The diamond lotus flower features a 3.8 carat flawless diamond solitaire at its peak.

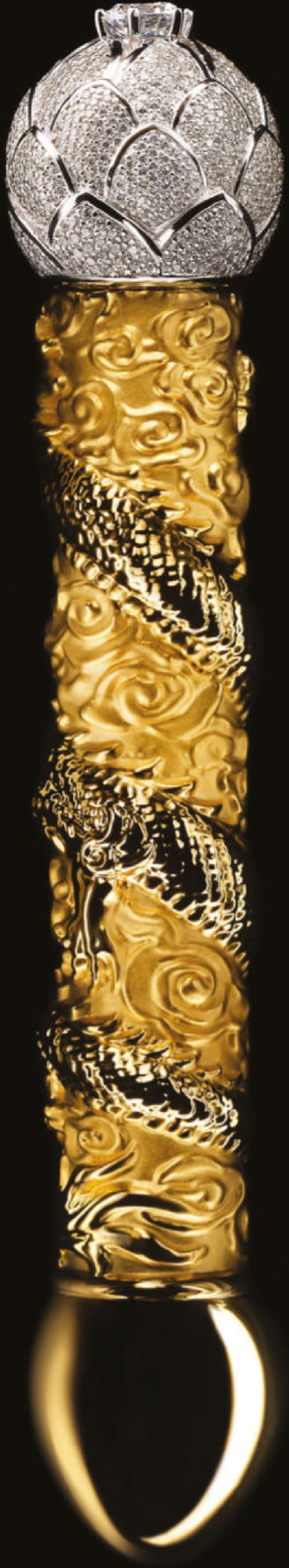
Limited Edition - Five Only
24k Gold & Diamond Sculpture
$690,000.00



BELLY OF THE DRAGON II

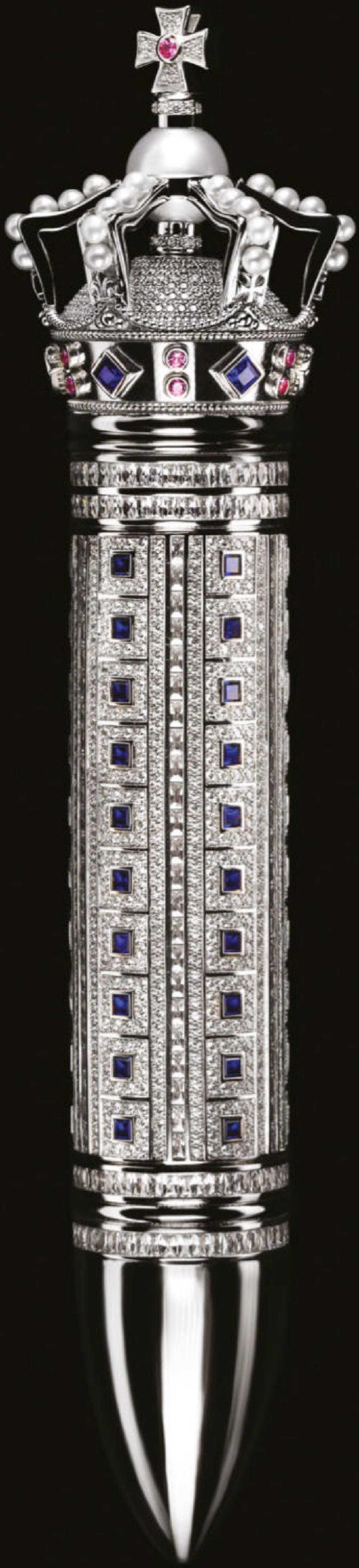
The bright yellow band of the fearsome tiger snake is a sure warning of its deadly nature, however misunderstood. To be brave is to be vulnerable, a sexual revolution requires the courage to seek change and allow yourself to rediscover your erotic identity.

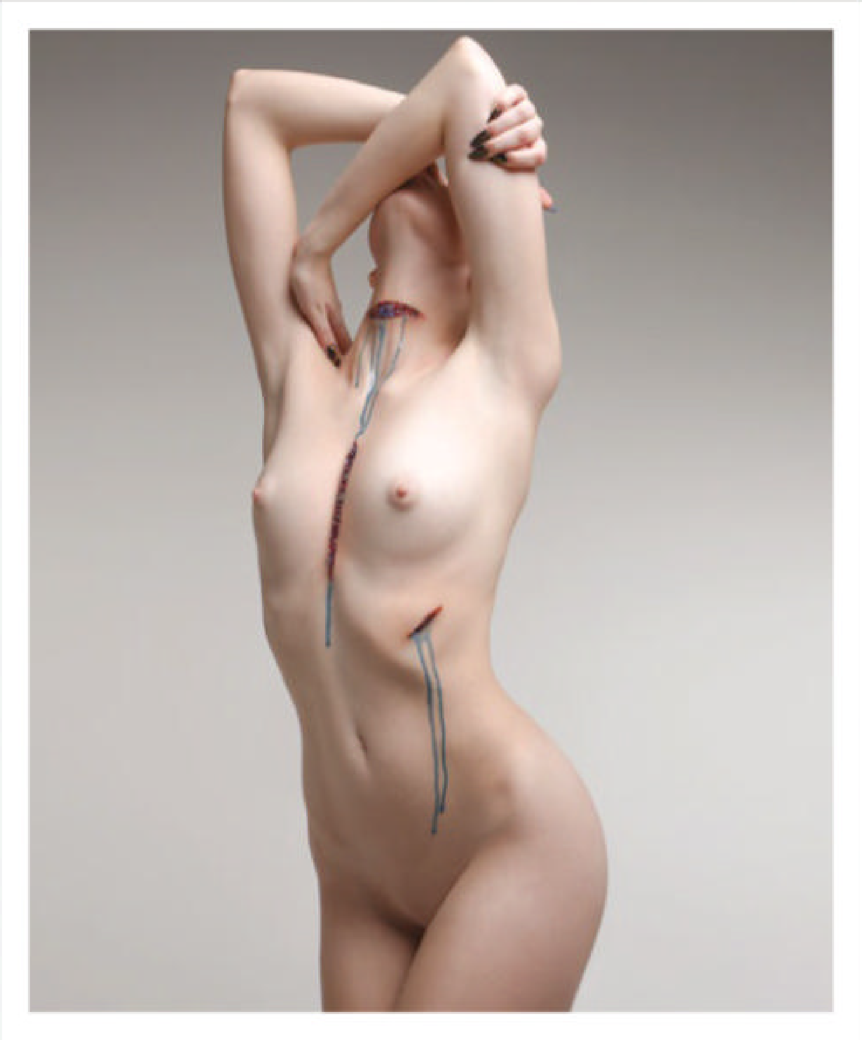
Limited Edition - Five Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $10,000.00



PEARL ROYALE

The Pearl Royale is the most luxurious vibrator ever created. Crafted from pure platinum, it’s pavé and channel set with over 70 carats of flawless white diamonds, royal blue sapphires and rare pink diamonds, plus lustrous South Sea pearls. This exquisite sculpture is a truly unique piece of contemporary jewelry art that will be recognized for centuries to come.
Limited Edition - Three Only
Pure Platinum, Diamond & Pearl Sculpture
$1,800,000.00





CONSEQUENCE OF TITLE I

Hedonism in the physical form. The four cuts represent knowledge, faith, sacrifice and power. I wanted to represent the challenges and paths taken to obtain status or title though sexual prowess and the power of the pedestal upon which we seek and adore.
Limited Edition - Three Only
Framed 40 X 60 in. (101.6 x 152.4 cm) $15,000.00

CONTINUE FROM PAGE 104

Our Treasure the Erotic museum offers a metaphorical insight into various erotic realms, each emphasizing these nuances of sensuality and eroticism that the viewer may have never encountered or considered to explore. We address these realms through photographic narratives and exquisite jewelery sculptures, each crafted from the finest quality materials, which establish a symbolic distinction of genuine worth that simply cannot be devalued—no matter the individual's personal opinion or viewpoint toward each object. I think the works are best described as luxury trophies to the erotic, held aloft like ceremonial swords paying homage to various fetishes, taboo ideals and practices of human eroticism.

What inspires you to make high-end artful sex toys?
For me, they exist as symbols of the erotic, more like ceremonial swords rather than a simple tool of pleasure. They are in themselves art, commenting upon society as totems with symbolic significance. Through luxury and art, we value our clothes and our cars, so why not our sexuality? I find it bizarre to think that we do not always place the highest value on our most intimate practice, to be human is to be erotic, to love is to be intimate and vulnerable, to value and trust another. It seems society has evolved to forget past monuments to our fertility, gods of fertility and ritual fertility ceremonies and practices; it's as if we have somehow lost our way. I see erotic artworks as a testament, a shining light to those who feel lost, to reengage society in the value of their own and one another's eroticism, rather than shunning sexuality down dark alleyways, behind closed doors, or by denouncement of others who choose to explore what they crave, desire and need to connect with others and themselves.

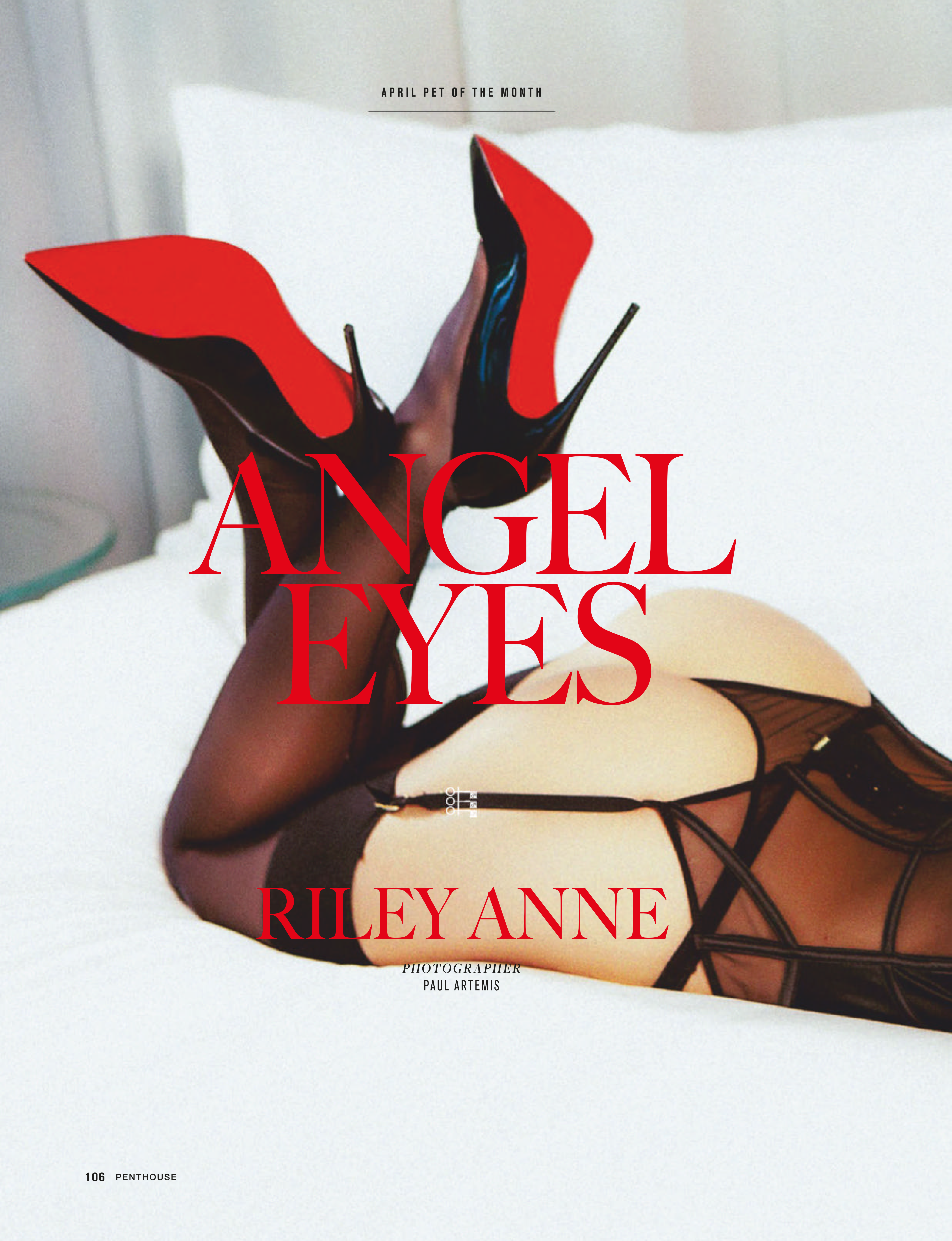
Have you ever had any pushback or negative feedback over your pieces?
Yes, of course, all artwork is subjective. We find that when discussing the erotic, it often puts a mirror to the viewer. They can accept, confront or dismiss what we are projecting through the artwork, but more often we see a positive reaction to the artwork, once people see past the objectification and more into the symbolism and important narrative that the work denotes. The viewer simply wants to know more. It opens up many questions they may have been unwilling to ask without the artwork opening the door for them to do so. There are also those who are dismissive of the art or derogatory toward it. That's OK, too. The artwork is there to confront their values, whatever they may be. Usually their reaction is simply an exposure and bringing to light perhaps fixated, stagnant and regressive beliefs and preconceived ideas to shun eroticism, to hide eroticism and also to be ashamed of what we are as people. We encourage everyone to interpret the art in their own way. The artworks are purely martyrs to encourage a dialogue about our eroticism, whatever that may be.

What materials do you have a preference for using, and where do they come from?
My metal of choice is 24 karat yellow gold, and my favorite gem is the Australian South Sea pearl. Of course, in my work I use a multitude of fine materials, including various golds and the world's finest diamonds, but I most enjoy working with these two elements—24 karat yellow gold is soft and has such beautiful flow with rich color, and the South Sea pearl has such a smooth texture and rich luster. When you incorporate these two materials, it's pure joy. Both of these elements come from Western Australia, which makes it even more special for me.

Are your pieces functional?
Most of my works have been dildo sculptures, as I find them to be a more organic and historic as art objects and less commercial like a vibrator, which is more a mechanical object. However, for my most luxurious piece—the Pearl Royale—I did decide to make that one a vibrator. In my design concept, the South Sea pearl atop the crown is actually a luxury pearl necklace, with a key attached, and when inserted into the top of the crown, it turns on the vibrator. I thought this was such a cheeky design element as the wearer can have this luxurious pearl necklace and those admiring it would not know its real purpose as a luxury key to pleasure. My works are primarily contemporary art sculptures to the erotic, however I guess they can all be used for erotic purpose should the art buyer feel that way inclined.

> **I WAS OF THE MINDSET IF WE READILY ACCEPT GENUINE LUXURY INTO OTHER ASPECTS OF OUR LIVES, THEN WHY NOT THE SEXUAL EXPERIENCE?**

Tell us more about the Pearl Royale, your $1.8 million vibrator.
The Pearl Royale is the feature piece in my collection. It's made from pure platinum and set with over 70 carats of the world's finest diamonds, sapphires and South Sea pearls. This opulent sculpture I would say best represents the symbolism of treasuring the erotic. When conceiving the art, I wanted to encourage discussion and question society on the value we place on the sexual experience. From my observation, it seemed society could not reconcile such a luxurious item for the act of sex. I was of the mindset if we readily accept genuine luxury into other aspects of our lives, then why not the sexual experience? So, when it came to designing it, I was thinking of pure hedonism. It had to be outlandishly extravagant with a high level of status. I was thinking of kings and queens, so the concept of a royal scepter was my inspiration for the overall design. I wanted to create a piece of jewelery art that could proudly sit alongside the world's finest crown jewels to ultimately symbolize how we should treasure the erotic!



APRIL PET OF THE MONTH

ANGEL EYES

RILEY ANNE

PHOTOGRAPHER
PAUL ARTEMIS

NATURAL wonder Riley Anne certainly puts a spring in our step! The blonde beauty's dreamy blue eyes and kissable lips are only part of her charm, and we're proud to name the cutie from North Carolina as April's Penthouse Pet. We posed some probing questions to the globe-trotting 26-year-old, who passed on culinary school to instead cook up a career in front of the camera. It's a good thing—because we're hungry to see more of ravishing Riley.

What's your favorite thing about your hometown?
The vibe in downtown Asheville is great. It's cool and artsy, like Portland or San Francisco—except it's a whole lot smaller. The best part, though, is all of the beautiful mountain scenery.

What's your favorite fantasy?
My dream would be to travel the world with my lover and have sex on every continent!

What's your biggest turn-on?
Eyes can tell you so much about a person. I definitely fall for eyes first. A person's physique is always important—for men and women. And when it comes to guys, I really love facial hair.

What about your turn-offs?
Poor hygiene for sure! There's nothing worse than an awful smell in your face.

RILEY ANNE

Age: 26
Measurements: 30C-24-32
Hometown: Asheville, N.C.
Instagram: @RileyAnneModel420
Twitter: @TheRileyAnne1

What do you consider romantic?
Late night heart-to-hearts. There's something about the stillness and darkness that helps people open up. That's when you can really get to know someone's deepest feelings and thoughts.

When you're dating someone new, how do you know if you want to have sex with him or her?
It comes down to whether or not they really open up to me. If we can connect outside the bedroom, I know we'll be a good fit.

What was your most remarkable sexual experience?
My first orgasm. I'd already been having sex, but when that happened, it was like a whole new world opened up! I will never forget the feeling.

> “NUDITY COMES PRETTY NATURALLY TO ME.”
>
> —RILEY ANNE

OUR READERS'
EXOTIC SEXCAPADES
BROUGHT TO LIFE
PENTHOUSE
LETTERS

WE WERE SOLDIERS ONCE, AND YOUNG

ELEVEN YEARS AFTER MATT GALLAGHER'S SCOUT PLATOON RETURNED HOME FROM IRAQ, A LOT OF THINGS HAVE CHANGED—EXCEPT FOR WHEN THEY GET TOGETHER. OUR NATIONAL SECURITY COLUMNIST CHECKS IN WITH THE MEN WITH WHOM HE WENT TO WAR. **BY MATT GALLAGHER**

WE'd just lived through 15 months that would stay with us the rest of our lives, but for the moment, we just wanted to party.

I don't remember much about the redeployment journey from our outposts north of Baghdad back to America—there were Humvee rides, helicopter flights and various tents that served as temporary lodging. We boarded a commercial flight in Kuwait, but that still meant three or four long legs.

I do recall landing back on the tropical green isle of Oahu, though, where we were stationed as part of the 25th Infantry Division. I do recall what the sight of Diamond Head and Waikiki Beach and the crystalline, teal cove of Pearl Harbor did to my soul. After all those months in a desert of all sorts of brown and yellow, getting shot at and trying to figure out who was the enemy—and wondering if every piece of loose trash on the street maybe hid a bloody, sudden end—Hawaii gripped my senses in a way no physical place ever has.

We'd lived. We'd made it. And back then in those early months of 2009, we were allowed to think we'd turned around the war, too.

Thirty cavalry troopers and infantrymen—and one proud medic!—made up the 2nd Platoon, Bravo Troop, 2-14 Cavalry. It was the honor and duty of my life to be their platoon leader. One of us was hurt seriously, but he's living a full life now. In a vague, hazy way, as young men on the cusp of our new lives and new selves, I'm sure we understood back then we'd always be connected by what we'd just gone through and done together. In the moment, though, like I said, we just wanted to kiss our wives and girlfriends, hug our kids if we had any, and then hit the town.

CREDIT: GUVENDEMIR / ISTOCK

The story goes that arrests in Honolulu went up 300% that weekend.

Eleven years later, life's taken us disparate places, but for good and ill, we're still united by the war. That war. Our war. Some of us are still in the Army. Some of us recently retired and are adjusting to post-service life. Some of us (raises hand) got out years ago and are comfortable in our veteran skin, but sometimes have a hard time identifying with the lean, trim machines we once were.

The heart and soul of the platoon—aka "the Gravediggers," an ironic nickname taken from the World War II comedy *Kelly's Heroes*—was the platoon sergeant, Chris. A tall, thick former offensive lineman from Iowa, we called him Big Country, and he commanded respect from his soldiers and superiors alike. Quite likely the most capable man and human being I've ever known, Chris deployed three times over the course of 20 years and retired from the Army two years ago. He's transitioned to a second career in logistics in the private sector, and we both had way too much fun (and a few beers) after his retirement, going through his trunk of maps, equipment and photos from our time together overseas.

Two section sergeants, E-6s in Army parlance, oversaw the day-to-day lives of the Gravediggers. Torri led like a bulldog, all firm aggression and by example, while Mason relied on his swagger and rock-star charisma. Both went on to run their own platoons; Torri retired a few years back and now works in tax preparation. Mason's still in, teaching ROTC cadets at a university in the Northeast all his hard-earned wisdom. Tomorrow's leaders are in capable hands.

Last spring, I traveled to rural Oklahoma for a dear friend's wedding—Smitty, one of the young infantry privates in the platoon, who often was the first through the door on a raid. In the years since, he's done grown up and was ready to get hitched. There was a solid turnout from the old crew—five of us in total, and three of us were groomsmen. It was a wonderful ceremony with many a devout Baptist, so after the reception, the Gravediggers snuck off to a local watering hole. We caught up like only old war buddies can, telling stories that grew increasingly less family friendly as the night wore on. We called the other guys who couldn't make it, made promises to keep in better touch, and all the rest. It was reinvigorating. For a couple hours, at least, we were together again, soldiers again, able to pretend to be young and free and fierce like we'd once been, too.

WE CAUGHT UP LIKE ONLY OLD WAR BUDDIES CAN, TELLING STORIES THAT GREW INCREASINGLY LESS FAMILY FRIENDLY AS THE NIGHT WORE ON.

Of course it hasn't been smooth and easy for everyone. One of my former soldiers suffered a traumatic brain injury in Afghanistan on a subsequent deployment. Life's tough for him, especially when his VA disability check arrives late. Another lost a child and has wrestled mightily with post-traumatic stress. Yet another went through a messy divorce he's only beginning to emerge from. And out of the 30 in the platoon, there are two no one seems to know what happened to—no phone number, no Facebook, no nothing. That tends to happen in groups of this size, but still, I'll find myself on aimless afternoons wondering if somewhere along the way, I could've reached out when that was still an option.

We miss each other. We miss needing each other. Twisted as it is, we miss that life, when every day, every patrol, every fucking moment mattered. There was a purpose of being in every step of the boot, and while that's no way to live forever, it juices the veins with both clarity and adrenaline when you're in the midst of it.

As we walked out of that bar and into a dark Oklahoma night last spring, we felt—all too fleetingly—like we did that night back in 2009 when we'd landed in Hawaii. The war was in the past, neat and contained in the memory box we'd tucked away. The present and future were one, intertwined with possibility and the togetherness of the group. The group, the platoon. The we.

It never lasts. It can't. Maybe that's why it's so special to return to it when we're able.

Matt Gallagher is a U.S. Army veteran and the author of three books, including the novel Empire City.

CREDIT: GEORGERUDY / ISTOCK

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

THE BEST LETTER FROM EVERTHING SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

UNEXPECTED INVITATION

MY buddy Harv asked me up to his cabin in the woods to spend the weekend with him and his wife.

Becky was a stunningly hot woman with a lovely face and a body that should've been sculpted in marble by a master's hand.

When I said I'd love to, he grinned delightedly and said, "Becky'll be stoked!"

That weekend, my coworker and his girl drove to the lake in their SUV, while I followed in my two-door. The trip was north, more than 100 miles.

Ahead I saw Becky and Harv in their ride, looking like they were laughing and having a great time. I couldn't help but gaze a little longingly at Becky. It was only human of me to have something of a crush on her. Of course, I'd never tell Harvey about it—and I certainly never planned to act on my feelings.

Still, I fantasized about her on the drive, conjuring salacious images of her bare body. I pictured her emerging from the lake naked, beaded with water, gleaming in the soft daylight. Her breasts were full and firm, her nipples stiff from her swim in the cool lake. Hair plastered to her, an errant hank across one eye, giving her an enticing mystique. Toned legs carrying her toward me. Her pussy bare. Her mouth curled into a hungry smile.

As I'd mentioned, the trip was nearly 100 miles, with me sporting half a hard-on most of the way. It was sure to be an interesting weekend.

When we pulled up to Harv's house at the end of the long dirt lane, it was plain to see the place wasn't much to look at. But it did have a rustic charm.

The area was also extremely isolated. No other structures stood nearby. We unloaded our gear, then they walked me down to the lake. Trees were all around, full of birdsong. The air was fresh, and I smelled the water before we reached it.

The path emptied at the shore, and the lake shone bright with the sun. On the far side, a few other houses poked out of the trees, but the sense of seclusion didn't diminish.

"Man, it's beautiful," I said.

Becky, standing next to me, squeezed my arm and told me, "We're so glad you could join us, Ike."

On my other side, Harv's strong hand clasped my shoulder as he said, "Yeah. It's great to have you."

We held the tableau a moment, as if a current ran through the three of us—some warm, nameless energy.

After walking back to the house, Harv and I made lunch, while Becky aired the place out. We ate together, then had coffee. We'd brought in all the supplies we would need.

Shortly after our meal, we loaded up a cooler with beer and returned to the lake, all of us clad in swimwear. I was helpless to furtively ogle Becky, who was dressed in a bikini. Damn, she had a fine ass! I watched its moving swells as she walked ahead of me, while her and Harv chatted happily.

At the water, we spread out blankets and opened the cooler. There were towels on hand. I looked out at the beckoning water. I couldn't remember the last time I'd swum in anything other than a pool.

"I'm going in," Becky announced. She gave Harvey a kiss and strode past me. A ledge of rock lay off to our right that looked to be a perfect platform. I gazed, entranced, as Becky performed an elegant dive into the water. Instantly, she was swimming toward the center of the lake.

The sight of Becky stirred my cock inside my trunks. Harvey was sitting on a blanket next to me and opening a beer as I told him, "I think I'll have a swim, too." I hastened into the water, wading out until it was deep enough to swim.

"Have fun!" Harv called out, just before I threw myself lengthwise into the lake.

It felt good and refreshing to swim in the natural watering hole. It was cool but not cold, and I was already warming up with the exertion.

I raised my gaze and saw Becky just ahead, treading. She seemed to be fumbling with her bikini top. I came to a splashing halt a few feet away.

"Fancy meeting you here," she said with a grin. "Can you give me a hand?"

Then I saw what she needed, and a surge a hot desire coursed through my veins. Her top had somehow come undone and she was trying to retie it behind her. It wasn't easy to do that and tread water at the same time.

I gulped. She was barely keeping the cups of cloth atop her gorgeous tits. I could see the lush mounds and vividly imagine the sweet pink nipples that topped them.

"S-sure," I stammered, moving in behind her.

My hands didn't want to cooperate. They wanted to leave her top undone, wanted her to lose it entirely. That was the horny, crush-tormented part of me. That guy wanted Becky to turn, baring her breasts and smiling at me as she drew me into a tongue-tangling kiss right there in the lake. We were so far out, in fact, that Harvey likely wouldn't even see what we were doing.

But Harv was my friend, and so was Becky. So I tied up her bikini top and ignored all of my other impulses. She thanked me sweetly, then suggested we swim side by side awhile.

It turned out to be a lovely experience. She moved with a mermaid's grace, and some of that physical elegance seemed to seep over to me, so that I, too, was stroking through the water with ease and polish. It was like our private aquatic ballet, performed for no one but ourselves.

We went back to the shore. I felt deliciously tired out, and Harv tossed me a beer. Evening was coming on, and we watched it, the way you never can in a city. Colors filled the sky, and the light gradually dimmed.

I'd started to get drowsy. But something caught my attention before I went under, an awareness of something happening. Sounds in the dusk. Mouths at work, slurping noises. I was lying back on a blanket, and I slitted my eyes.

Harvey and Becky were on the other blanket, side by side. They were kissing passionately. In fact, I saw the flash of their tongues. I also heard a low moan from Becky that raised gooseflesh on me. Such a sexy sound. Harv added a bass grunt.

Before long, they were grinding together, body on body. Harv hadn't swum, but he was in trunks just like me. Becky was still in her bikini, and I became even more aware of how skimpy it was than when we'd been out on the water.

Harv pressed his crotch against his wife. They were still engaged in their devouring lip-lock. Becky reached around and clutched a handful of her hubby's ass. My eyes widened automatically as he put a hand on her tit, squeezing her through the swimsuit fabric.

I wondered if they thought I was asleep. Maybe they were just getting carried away.

But I felt I had to say something to let them know I was still present and awake before things got out of hand.

"Uh, guys," I muttered. "Maybe I should head back to the house?"

They paused. I could hear Becky's rapid breathing, but it was Harv who said, "You can, Ike. Or you can stay."

That struck me dumb. He couldn't be suggesting what I thought he was. Then Becky confirmed it, by saying bluntly, "We don't mind you watching us."

With that, they resumed kissing and groping each other. I sat up, thinking I should make a joke of the situation. But it wasn't a joke. They were serious. I. Could. Watch.

Hand trembling, I took another beer from the cooler and observed my two friends grappling in the shadows. The stars and moon had come out, and the light was pale, almost ghostly. Certainly nobody else in the area could see what was going on.

But I could. I sipped the beer and watched intently. Harv undid Becky's bikini top and flung it far away. Becky's tits glowed in the faint luminescence, gorgeous swells tipped with erect nipples. Harv dropped his mouth on one, then the other. Becky mewled like a woodland nymph, thrusting her breasts against her husband's mouth.

Soon the bikini bottoms were peeled away, and she lay fully bare—so beautiful the sight of her sucked the breath right out of my lungs. I barely noticed Harv removing his trunks, but then there he was, naked alongside her. Their hands moved with greater urgency. He groped her, and she touched him everywhere, obviously eager for his body.

"I knew he was jetting his spunk into her as she quaked beneath him."

His cock was erect, glistening with a dribble of pre-come. Becky bent and licked off the shiny dollop, and a jolt of achy joy hit me. What a lucky fucker he was!

Becky sucked his cock awhile. It was an erotic shadow show, her head in silhouette sometimes, moonlight gleaming on her at random angles. I heard the damp sounds, the draw of suction, as Harv's moans rose.

He didn't shoot off in her mouth. Instead, they switched positions. She lay back, and he set his face between her smooth thighs. I imagined the taste of her in my mouth, and I envied Harv. Before long, Becky cried out, clutching his head.

Beautiful. Come on his face, baby, I thought.

Then they were moving on to the end game. Becky was on top to start. She bucked up and down on his hard shaft as her head whipped from side to side. When she came again, her backbone arched as she thrust her tits toward the sky.

Harvey ended up on top of her for the final sprint. He fucked her at a delirious tempo. I didn't think Becky would have time for another climax, but she snuck it in, just as he went taut above her. I knew he was jetting his spunk into her as she quaked beneath him.

The afterglow was palpable. They were like two rosy embers in the night. Wordlessly we went back to the house, guided by flashlight and taking all the gear with us.

I slept alone in my bed in a separate room. I didn't know what I would say to them the next day.

I woke up before they did. I went down to the lake, found a trail and ran along it awhile, then swam out, again exerting myself. When I came ashore, I felt refreshed.

I walked back to the house, ready to face whatever awaited me. Maybe we'd pretend nothing had happened. I was the guest; I would follow their lead, I decided.

Becky was there. She wore one of Harv's shirts and, I suspected, nothing underneath it. The sight awoke familiar desire in me. She was drinking coffee, smiling at me over the rim of her mug.

"Harv went into town," she said.

Her husky tone made my throat tighten. God, I wanted her. But whatever was going on between us, I needed it out front, in the open.

"Look, Becky," I began.

She cut in, "We like to play, Ike. It's as simple as that. Harv has always liked you. I like you, too."

She set down her mug. With her eyes fastened on mine, she began to unbutton her shirt. "If you don't want to … " she trailed off. But her voice told me how disappointed she would be if I didn't.

What could I do? I wanted to be a good guest. I grinned and watched her drop the shirt to the floor. Her naked form glowed with sensuality, and my cock swelled mightily. I unsnapped my trunks and let them fall to the floor with a damp plop.

take no shit

CREDIT: TROY FREYEE

My cock waggled as I approached her. She took my hand, and we went into the bedroom where she and Harv had slept the previous night. The rumpled sheets beckoned us, and she guided me up onto the mattress. Even the touch of her hand in mine felt electric, like that nameless energy I'd felt earlier.

We lay down together, and I felt we were at the precipice. My heart beat fast, and we hadn't even done anything yet.

But then Becky shifted. Her arms went around me, and my mouth was falling toward hers. Our lips met, and a great hunger broke out within me. We kissed intensely. Our tongues emerged at the same instant, and the kiss became a hungry event.

Our faces ground together. She heaved closer, pressing her body against mine. Her tits were against me, and I reveled in the smoothness of her skin. My cock twitched against her flat belly. She kissed me deeper and deeper, like she was trying to lick my tonsils. It was fantastic.

We let our hands roam free. I felt her palm on my back, gliding down to smooth itself over my left ass cheek, which she squeezed. At the same time, I worked a hand between us to grope her tits. It was like touching nirvana. Her nipples stood up erect, and I gave them a thorough tweaking. She moaned into my mouth at the contact.

I snaked the same hand downward across her stomach, slipping it between her silken thighs. She lifted her leg, and I grazed my middle fingertip along her slick slit as she writhed on the bedcovers.

As I sank my finger into her, she reached for my hard cock. Her thumb touched my cockhead, smearing the daub of pre-come there. I shivered as she caressed my sensitive crown. Then her fingers wrapped around my shaft. I felt myself pulsing in her grasp.

She started to pump me as I finger-fucked her. Her interior was wet and hot, and I relished the sensation. I then zeroed in on her clit, which lay waiting swollen with desire. I coaxed the lovely little bud, sparking so much joy.

Her fist pistoned faster, jerking a rising ecstasy from my cock. But my hand worked quicker, or maybe her responses were on more of a hair trigger. At any rate, she tumbled into a thrashing climax that was gratifying to witness. I wanted to please her as much as I'd seen Harv do the previous night.

I shifted position, moving down the bed and shouldering apart her legs. The close-up view of her pussy was lovely. I feasted on it for a few seconds, savoring the tantalizing aroma, then I put out my tongue and swiped it along her slit.

Her hips bucked, and she let out a growl. Encouraged, I slipped my tongue inside, slurping up her wetness before I sought out her clit. I gave that button another round of attention, polishing the nub with my tongue tip. She ran her fingers through my hair and took a tight hold, which I didn't mind at all. She ground her pussy on my face, and I just ate her harder.

> **"He was smiling so broadly, I got the impression he'd been watching me nail his wife."**

When she came again, it was with a gush of juice that I dutifully drank down. I came up gasping for air. I went to wipe my mouth, but she moved quicker—seizing my face and licking her wetness off my chin and cheeks.

She eased me onto my back and hunkered between my legs, pushing them apart. Her hand cradled my balls, and I saw, to my extreme delight, her mouth closing on my cockhead. I lifted my head to watch her cinch her lips around my knob, then descend my shaft. In seconds, she'd sucked me all the way down.

She bobbed her head, and her tongue wriggled on my staff. She gave me some lovely suction. Her eyes blazed every time her head came up, and that further excited me.

Suddenly she sprang up, and I was ready for her. I caught her around the waist as she dropped herself onto my spit-wet shaft. She took all of me up into herself as she released a guttural cry and began riding me.

Her tits bounced, and I reached up to caress them, tweaking her succulent nips again. She rocked wildly, slamming down hard on me each time. Her head whipped back and forth. I watched as yet another climax tore through her. Maybe Harv was so willing to share her because she was tough to keep up with!

Her latest climax left her a little limp. I set her on her back and climbed onto her. I eased my slick cock in her slicker pussy and set off on the final stretch. The slippery grasp of her was so sweet. In fact, the whole experience was just wonderful.

I fucked her faster and harder until I felt like a blur of motion. She made inarticulate sounds and thrashed crazily. Her movements took me into a titanic orgasm. I pumped and pumped into her as I emptied my load, finally rolling off to one side.

Harv entered the room immediately afterward. In fact, he was so quick—and smiling so broadly—I got the impression he'd been watching me nail his wife.

He stripped and lay on the other side of Becky.

He said to me, "Remember, what happens at the lake—"

"Stays at the lake," I finished, figuring that's where he was going. It had to be a one-off deal. That weekend only.

"Yes, but we were hoping you'd become a regular guest up here."

"I'd love to," I told them, feeling my cock stir anew.

Fortunately, Becky was also raring for round two, and this time, her husband had a front-row seat.

—I.B., via email

If you're a sexual adventurer, we'd like to hear from you. It's a great way to make the experience live on forever. Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department TC, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

A HORNY HUNK DOUBLES HIS PLEASURE, AND CHEATERS ENJOY A SECRET RENDEZVOUS

FAIRE MAIDENS

MY roommate and coworker, Ryan, was a big time LARP-er and fantasy geek. He helped organize a Renaissance festival, and he pestered me nonstop about joining the club and being a knight because he knew I could handle a horse. I finally relented.

Owing to my cowboy past, I found I excelled at hitting moving targets and controlling my horse, so it wasn't at all surprising that I moved up the jousting ranks quickly.

On the final day of the tournament, my scheduled opponent was out sick, so I got bumped up to another match: I was to face Queen Emily's champion, who was known as the Red Knight.

I've gotta tell you, Queen Emily was an absolute knockout. She had a peaches-and-cream complexion with beautiful green eyes and natural auburn curls that fell to her waist. To say she was buxom was practically an understatement.

Her milky cleavage spilled out of her corseted dresses and created a cocktease unlike any other. Whenever she laughed or moved, her bosom jiggled enticingly. Even without a costume, she more than lived up to the ideal of an epic fantasy babe.

Emily was single. The club's former king, who was now her ex, had moved across the country. As such, the club voted the winner of that year's jousting tournament would become the new king. And even though that was certainly no guarantee of enjoying the queen's real-life favors, winning would at least mean having plenty of excuses to be around Emily—and hopefully try my luck.

But as I saddled up for the match, I tried to remain focused. In the body armor and full helmet, Red Knight looked like any other player, but seemed small for a guy. A pint-sized limber jockey would be harder to unseat, but I kept my lance low and steady until the very last second—and bull's-eye!

My heart caught in my throat as I heard that definitive "crack" of my lance making contact with Red Knight's armor. I slowed my horse and turned around just in time to see Red Knight tumbling to the side, completely un-horsed.

Trust me, we each had on plenty of protective gear, so it's not as brutal as it sounds.

Still, I raced over to make sure my opponent was OK.

Red Knight nodded and removed his—or rather—her helmet. Instead of a short guy, the queen's champion was a brown-eyed, brunette cutie with a ponytail. As I helped her up, she smiled and said, "That was some hit!"

> **"Robin rode me cowgirl-style, while Emily sat on my face until I made her gush."**

I couldn't help myself and blurted out, "I didn't know the queen's knight was a woman."

"Ah, well, this is one of the best kept secrets—or it was until you bested me," she answered with a laugh.

"I didn't know women in the club could be knights."

"Why not? Come on, we need to take a bow now—the crowd loves us."

"What's your name?" I bowed and glanced over at her.

"Call me Lady Robin."

"A pleasure to meet you in battle here." I was half-joking, but Robin was a serious roleplayer. She shook my hand and gave me her helmet in surrender.

"Go on up, Sir Connor. The queen is waiting."

Indeed, as I looked at the stage, there was Her Majesty—as busty and gorgeous as ever with her eyes focused me. The silver lining about wearing armor was it hid the erection that sprang up in my pants when the queen kissed my cheek and gave me a close-up view of her royal rack!

Once I was officially declared the winner, my squire spirited me away to the champion's tent, where I could relax and get ready for the coronation festivities.

"Congratulations again, Sir Connor. Queen Emily will be in shortly to go over some details about the ceremony tonight," the squire said before disappearing.

I settled into the couch, but it wasn't long before I had company. The velvet drapes parted, and both Queen Emily and Lady Robin stepped inside.

I stood up and bowed, saying, "Your Majesty."

The girls looked at each other and laughed.

"Relax, it's OK to break character here, Connor," Emily told me.

"Oh—uh, sorry." I glanced at Robin and smiled. "Nice to see you again. Hope there are no hard feelings."

Robin smirked and shook her head, but added, "You're the only opponent to ever un-horse me, Connor."

"I'm sure it was dumb luck," I said with a shrug.

Emily and Robin looked at each other again and then at me before my former opponent said, "We heard from your roommate you're a reluctant player."

"That's accurate," I said. "No offense, though."

"None taken," Robin said. "But you really put on an amazing show."

That's when Emily interjected, "We don't usually get knights as cute as you."

"Really?" I couldn't believe my ears, but

I tried to play it cool.

Emily played with Robin's ponytail as she explained, "Don't get me wrong. The Red Knight is amazing. She always satisfies me—in ways the former king never could."

Then she pulled Robin in for a kiss.

I exhaled sharply as I watched their tongues dart into each other's mouths and felt my swelling dick press against my armor once more.

Emily pulled back and said to me, "You're going to be my king consort, at least for the faire. So what do you say we all get better acquainted?"

"Anything you want, my queen—just get me out of this damn costume."

Robin reached over, tapped the metal plating over my groin and joked, "I bet your cock wants to pop a hole through this."

"Let's show our champion some gratitude and help him out," Emily suggested to her horny friend.

With that, the gorgeous queen and her hot female knight took it upon themselves to strip me out of my armor—and athletic protection gear—until nothing stood in the way of them making contact with my engorged dick.

"Wait," I said, as Emily started to stroke me.

"What?"

"I've been dying to see your boobs," I said, tugging at Emily's bodice.

"Ooh yes! They're my favorite," Robin said gleefully. "Here, let me."

Robin unlaced Emily's gown, letting her milky tits spill out right in my face.

"Better?" Emily whispered.

"Mmm," I responded, taking one of her peachy pink nipples between my lips.

Robin helped me out by sucking Emily's other tit, and then I felt both of their hands land on my dick.

"Let's share him," Emily gleefully said, pulling me up for an incendiary kiss.

I certainly wasn't going to protest!

After I tasted her sweet lips, Emily went to work sucking on my shaft, while Robin licked my balls.

"Oh fuck!" I moaned.

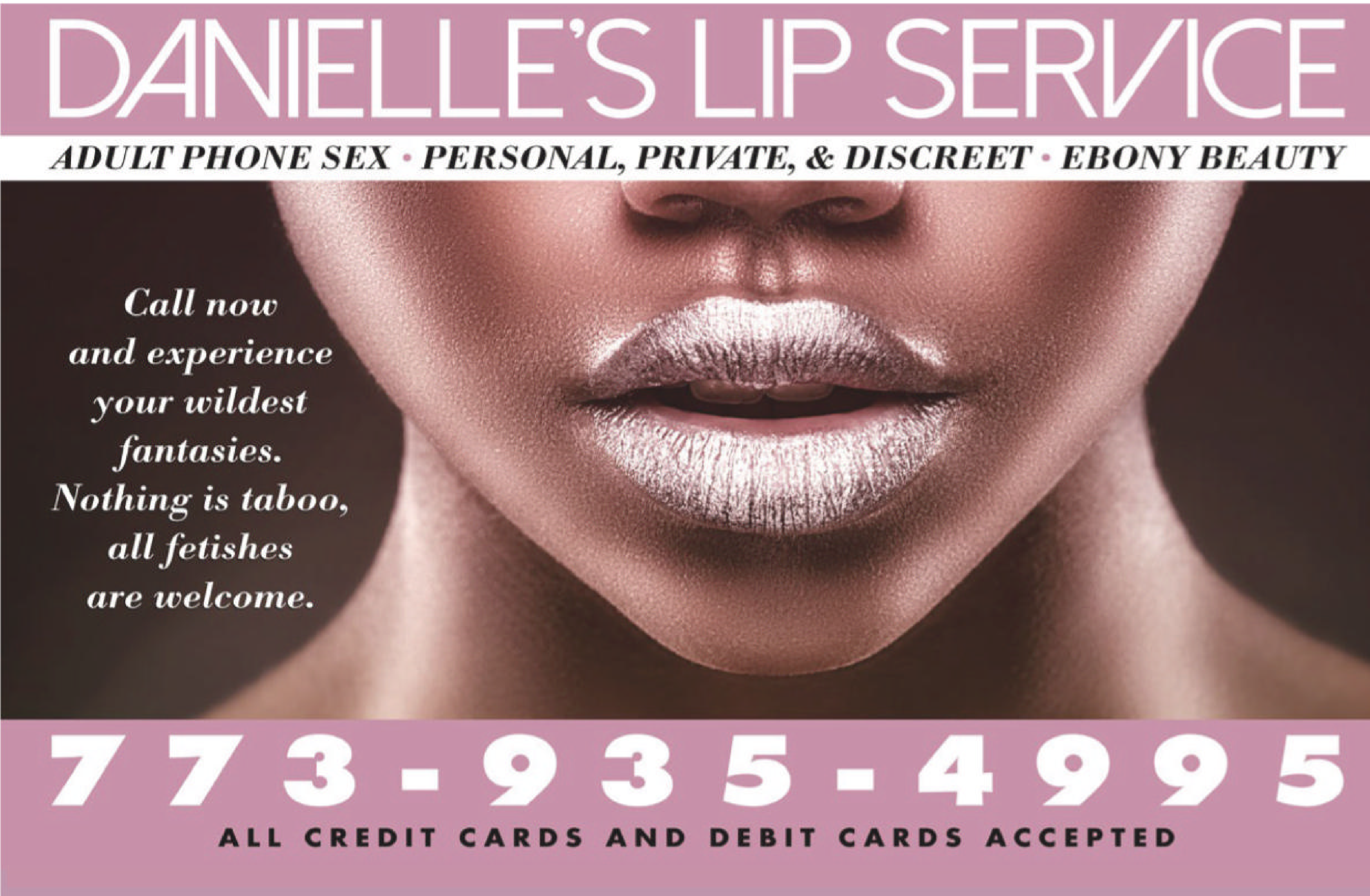
From there, Emily and Robin took turns swallowing as much of my length as they could, swapping spit and my pre-come when they paused to kiss.

I clenched my fists and felt like I was floating out of my body. The dual stimulation was completely overwhelming.

"Damn—wait," I gasped. "Let's make this last."

"A knight with endurance," Robin said dryly. "This is going to be fun."

Emily helped Robin out of her outfit and discarded what remained of her own gown. I caught my breath as they kissed and touched each other again before Emily took charge.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"I've sampled this fine prick enough, I think," Emily said, stroking my shaft again. "Now I want it inside me." Emily got on all fours on the floor, arching her back and offering me her hairless pussy.

"Why don't you soothe your lady's needs while I fuck you?" I offered.

"That's a good idea," Robin chimed in. "I'm soaking wet, Em."

She got in front of the queen and presented her pussy to her.

I gave Emily's bottom a slap and then teased her pink cleft with a few kisses and licks.

Emily moaned and reached down to rub her clit, showing me how she liked to touch herself, and then I impaled her with my full length.

Emily gasped, "Oh God!"

Robin looked at me and quipped, "It's good to be king, isn't it?"

"You've been waiting hours to say that, haven't you?" I said to her.

Robin only smiled as she guided Emily's lips to her waiting snatch.

While I plowed Emily's tight cunt, I watched her working Robin over with her fingers and tongue—and that only added to my arousal. My thrusts became more frenzied as Emily was hitting her peak. Once I felt her pussy muscles clench down, I shot my hot load deep inside her.

After I recovered, Robin rode me cowgirl-style, while Emily sat on my face until I made her gush. Indeed, it was very, very good to be king!

After taking turns being fucked, Emily and Robin insisted on sharing my next load in their mouths—and I obliged, because, well, chivalry!

—C.H., via email

STOLEN MOMENTS

ACCEPTING an invitation to dinner with my husband, my secret lover and his wife turned out to be more fun and fulfilling than I'd expected. The rush of adrenaline that coursed through my veins when Jack stroked my thigh under the table alongside our utterly oblivious spouses was intoxicating. Then our eyes met, and we both knew we needed a moment to ourselves.

When Karen suggested we move our hangout session to the living room, I excused myself and made a beeline for the guest bathroom on the opposite side of the first floor.

The doorknob rattled as I rinsed the last of the soap off of my hands.

"I'll be right out," I called.

Jack's gritty baritone rumbled through the wooden door: "Let me in, Ellen."

I lunged forward, flipping the lock and opening the door in record time.

He slipped inside and wove his hands through my hair, pulling me against his chest as he closed the door behind us.

"I've been waiting all day for this," he murmured against my ear.

A hot blush bloomed over my cheeks and spread down my neck all the way to my breasts.

"Jack, my husband and your wife are just down the hall."

"I don't care," he growled.

Grabbing my ass cheeks, he scooped me up and lifted me onto the edge of the marble sink. Even through my skirt, it chilled my skin, sending a pleasant shiver up my spine.

"Karen and Tim could try to take down this door, and I still wouldn't stop."

As I opened my legs wider to accommodate Jack's broad frame, my skirt scooted up my thighs. The red fabric bunched up at my hips, revealing my purple silk thong—Jack's favorite. A small part of me had hoped we would find time to sneak away that evening. If we did find some time alone, I wanted Jack to see I'd dressed for him.

My lover sank to his knees and nuzzled my mound with his nose. He took in a deep, shuddering breath and whispered, "God, you smell amazing."

He nudged my thong to the side, exposing my pussy.

"I just want to lick you and sink inside you," he murmured, his breath fanning over my sex. He hooked his finger and held the material to the side. "This is what I've been craving all damn day."

"Then eat up."

Not missing a beat, Jack sealed his lips around my clit and sucked rhythmically.

"Oh," I gasped—a little too loudly.

I slapped a hand over my mouth to muffle any other sounds that might try to escape.

Jack chuckled as he rubbed his cheek against my thigh, tickling my sensitive skin with his five o'clock shadow.

Using my free hand, I braced myself on the edge of the sink and rolled my hips, grinding against Jack's face. I locked my ankles behind his back and dug my heels into the gap between his shoulder blades, using all the strength in my thighs and calves to hold him close.

As if torturing my clit with his tongue wasn't enough to drive me up a wall, Jack added a few fingers to the mix. He spread his pointer and ring fingers wide, parting my pussy lips and exposing my molten center. I felt his wedding band pressing against my wet sex. Then he dipped his middle finger inside my snatch, and I saw stars.

I bit down on my lower lip, refusing to allow the sounds of my pleasure to give us away. No one has ever made me scream the way that Jack does, but on that night, those sounds needed to be stifled.

Jack's mouth and hands are a gift. He isn't a man who relies solely on his dick to get the job done. He understands how to use every part of himself to make every part of me come alive.

Of course, it also helps that Jack knows his way around my body.

That bathroom hookup wasn't our first clandestine meeting, and it certainly wouldn't be our last.

Jack's hands slid underneath my ass cheeks. He lifted me off of the sink and stood me on the floor in front of him.

"If I fucked you the way I want to, I'd rip the sink right off the wall," he said.

Taking advantage of his hold on my butt, Jack pulled me close to him. He pressed his growing bulge against me.

"Can you feel it?" he asked with urgency. "Can you feel what the fuck you do to me?"

"Yes, Jack," I moaned softly. "Yes, I do."

He laid a searing hot kiss on my lips. While his tongue pillaged my mouth, his hands explored my body. He skimmed his palms over my hips and up to my waist.

His fingers bit into the soft flesh just below my rib cage. He held me tight, then he quickly flipped me to face the sink.

Shocked by the sudden move, I gasped and briefly lost my balance. Fortunately, Jack's hands remained on my waist, holding me steady.

I planted my hands on the sink and arched my back, bouncing my ass in invitation.

"Now that you have me where you want me, come and get me."

Jack pounced, smacking his hands on the sink and caging me in.

My ass slammed against him, bringing me back into contact with his bulge. Despite his slacks being in our way, Jack's thick shaft managed to nestle itself between my cheeks.

"Jack, I need you now," I groaned. "Fuck me, please. We don't have much time."

He placed one hand on my back and pushed me down onto the vanity. His other hand dropped to my hip. He grabbed hold of my thigh and brought my ass up to cock-level.

Satisfied with this new position, Jack bent and placed a kiss on my ass.

"Beautiful," he murmured.

He hooked a finger into my thong and pulled it to the side, baring my sex, then he traced a finger along my wetness. He kissed me again, this time planting his lips on my slit and briefly tonguing my pussy hole.

Jack reached to the side, grabbed one of the dainty hand towels Karen kept in a basket on the vanity and stuffed it into my mouth.

"That'll keep you quiet."

He wasn't kidding. Nary a peep would get past that makeshift gag. It was freeing, in a way—knowing my cries of pleasure would be sufficiently muffled and that our spouses would remain oblivious to our quickie.

Jack unzipped and the head of his cock tapped against my gash. He leaned forward, resting his chin on my shoulder as he whispered in my ear, "Ready, love?"

I nodded, and he rocked his hips, entering me in one smooth motion.

My ass bounced against his washboard abs. Jack sank deeper still, burying every inch of his shaft inside me.

"You feel incredible," he groaned.

Leaving one hand on my hip to guide us, he slipped the other around to my front, placing his fingers directly on my clit. He massaged the aching bud, ratcheting up my arousal. I was so fucking wet. The slippery juices overflowed from my hole, allowing Jack's cock to glide in and out at lightning-fast speed.

While the washcloth did a great job of stifling my moans, it did nothing to disguise the rattling of the vanity's doors and drawers as Jack pistoned his cock in and out of me. Even the tiny bar of decorative soap shook on its dish.

In no time, I was so close to coming. My pussy twitched around Jack's shaft, gradually growing tighter until my orgasm finally rocked me to my core.

> **"My pussy twitched around Jack's shaft, growing tighter until my orgasm rocked me."**

Every time I thought the feelings of ecstasy were ebbing, another wave would crash over me and drag me back under. I felt as if I were drowning in pleasure and didn't think that was such a bad way to go.

My entire body shook from the force of my orgasm. Even the aftershocks were glorious—each was a little explosion of intensity. I was drunk with bliss and sagged against the sink, surrendering myself to Jack completely.

He buried his face in my neck, doing his damnedest to mask his own grunts and groans. The thrusts of his cock grew more intense and erratic, a sure sign to me that he was rapidly unraveling. It was a beautiful state I'd witnessed on multiple occasions. I relaxed and let him use me for his pleasure.

After a few more particularly hard thrusts, I felt his cock gushing inside me like an unstoppable geyser.

"Oh yeah," he grunted softly.

He pumped the last of his cream into me before extracting himself from my depths.

Pulling the towel from my mouth, he said, "I'll take that."

He wet the cloth in the sink and swabbed his cock. Then he turned his attention to me and said, "Don't clean up."

He righted my thong and smoothed my skirt over my thighs before swatting me on my ass.

"I want to look at you sitting next to Tim and know you're still full of my come."

Jack opened the door and snuck out into the hall, closing it behind him so gently that I could hardly hear the metallic sound of the knob clicking back into place.

Pulling myself together, I smoothed my hair and swiped a smear of lipstick from my cheek before heading back to join the others.

I waved my cell phone as I said, "Sorry I took so long. I got a call from work that couldn't wait."

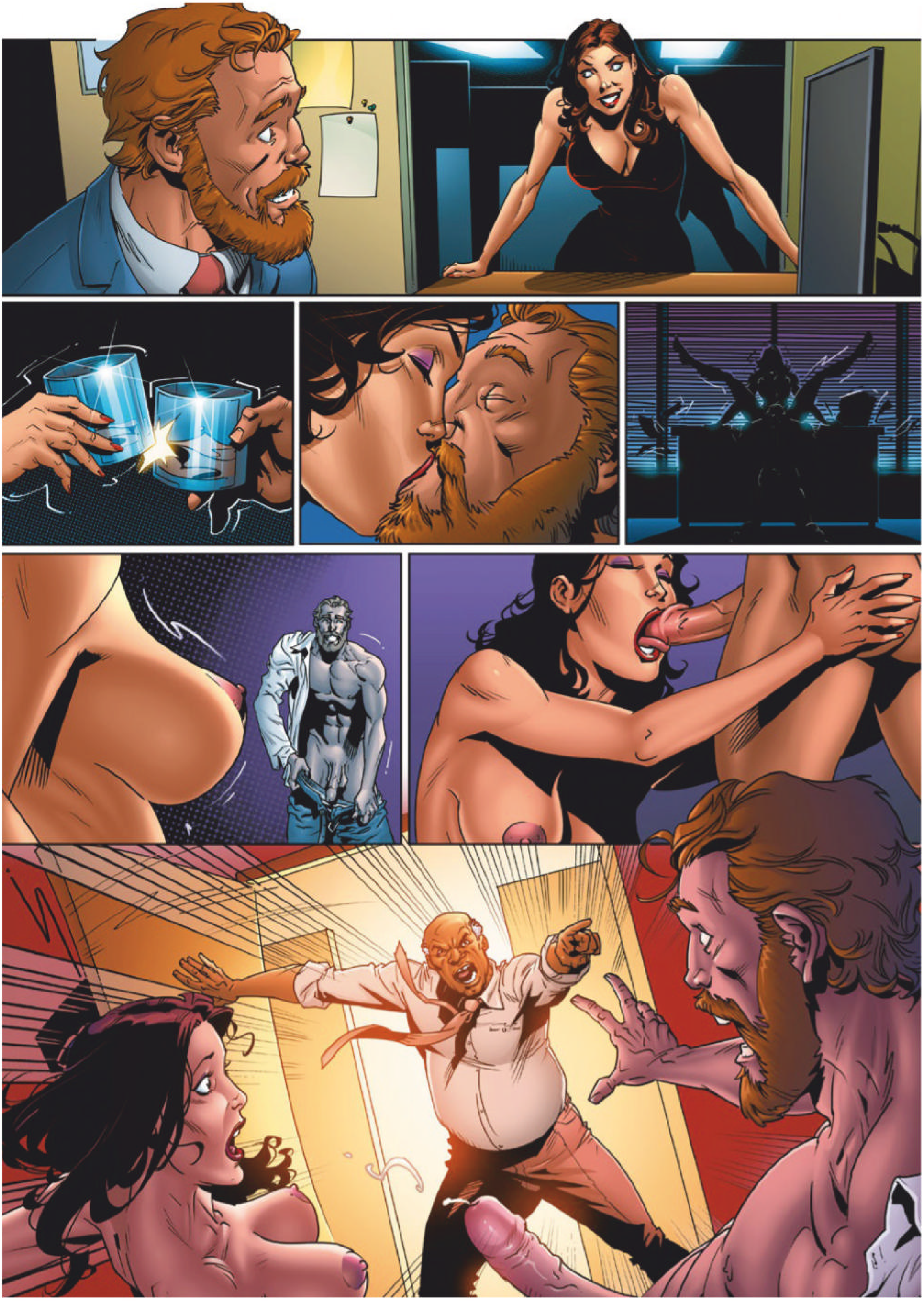
Karen waved the apology away and said, "Don't worry about it. Jack isn't back with our wine yet anyway. I'm going to see what's keeping him. He can get lost in that wine cellar."

While Karen took off for the basement, my husband put his arm around my shoulders and pulled me close, making me shift in my seat. My wet thong rubbed deliciously against my still swollen clit. I felt a dollop of Jack's come leak out of my snatch. My pussy felt hot, sticky and oh-so-wet.

Karen and Jack came back into the room as I was crossing my legs and trying to get more comfortable. A sly grin lifted the corner of Jack's lips, telling me he knew exactly why I was wiggling my ass on his leather couch. It was our little secret, one that would fuel our fantasies until the next time we could share a stolen moment.

—E.L., Darien, Conn.

Have you had a secret affair and you're dying to spill the beans? Mail your story to Penthouse Letters, Department SO, 28328 Witherspoon Parkway, Valencia, CA 91355, or email it to letters@penthouse.com.



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REJECT

PENTHOUSE FORUM

THE DEPARTMENT THAT SHOWCASES THE BEST OF THE WORST LETTERS SENT TO PENTHOUSE FORUM

PIECE OF WORK

RIGHT after grad school, I snagged my dream job and was raring to make a good impression out of the gate. But at the end of my first week, my perfectly crafted plans got turned upside down by a hot chick. I had no plans to go on the prowl that Friday night. I had a big presentation on Monday and wanted to use the weekend to prepare. But before I left the office, a beautiful brunette strolled up to my desk. Her hair fell in bouncy waves around her shoulders—like she'd stepped out of a retro shampoo commercial—and her dark eyes smoldered as she looked me up and down hungrily. Her low-cut dress clung to her crazy curves, which threatened to pop her buttons. I was mesmerized. We hadn't even spoken yet, and that knockout had me on the ropes.

"Hey, new guy," she purred. "How's it hangin'?"

I swallowed, feeling a lump in my throat. "Um, great."

She put her hands on my desk and leaned forward, giving me a good look at her deep cleavage.

"I'm Sofia. Wanna come to my office? I've got a bottle of bourbon, and we can toast your success."

She licked her lip like she was thinking about eating me alive, and the sight of her tongue made my mind turn to mush.

Somewhere in the back of my brain, a little voice told me drinking at work probably wasn't the best idea. But Sofia didn't seem all that much older than me, and she already had an office—so I guessed she was pretty high up on the corporate food chain.

At least, those were the excuses I served up for myself. I can be pretty gullible sometimes.

"Yeah, Sofia. That'd be awesome," I told her.

She ran her finger down the length of my tie, pulling away right before she reached my beltline as she said, "Then follow me, stud."

My halfway hard cock twitched in my pants as I scurried around my desk after her.

Sofia's office was down the long hallway—on the corporate side—so I guessed she was a big deal. I wondered why I hadn't met her during my interview with the other company brass.

But I stopped caring when she bent over to grab the bourbon and two glasses out of the bottom drawer of a filing cabinet and flashed her thong-covered crotch.

My mouth went dry, and I eagerly took the tumbler of booze from her.

"Cheers," she whispered, tapping her glass against mine before slamming back the amber liquid in one shot.

I did the same, and then we stared at each other for a heartbeat before she lunged at me.

Sofia's tongue-tangling kiss stole my breath and made my cock ramrod stiff in five seconds flat.

She broke from me just long enough to slam her office door shut and reach underneath her dress to whip off her pink undies. Then she hopped on the desk and spread her legs wide.

My eyes immediately fell to her hairless snatch, and I dove in, lapping at her swollen clit and sucking down her juice. She was soaked, and I wondered if she'd spent the afternoon fantasizing about hooking up with me.

The thought boosted my ego and made my balls ache.

"Oh, that's so good," Sofia groaned a little too loudly. File folders, pens and a stapler all fell to the floor as she squirmed and thrashed on the desktop. She grabbed my hair with both hands, tugging it hard as she ground her pussy into my face.

"Yeah, baby, just like that," she moaned, before her words devolved into a series of orgasmic squeals.

When she finally relaxed her grip, I thought it was safe to come up for air.

She looked even more stunning than before as her orgasm gave her olive-toned skin a blissful blush.

Sofia looked me and said, "I'm gonna suck your cock now. But don't come because I want to feel you plowing my pussy."

I nearly shot off in my pants, but I held it together. Soon she was on her knees, wrapping her bee-stung lips around my meat.

My face was still slick with her juice as she bobbed on my boner, giving me the perfect amount of suction as she caressed my sac—and that's when the office door flew open. It was my boss.

Dropping my dick from her lips, Sofia sheepishly said, "Hi, honey."

"What are you doing with my wife?" he boomed. "You're fired!"

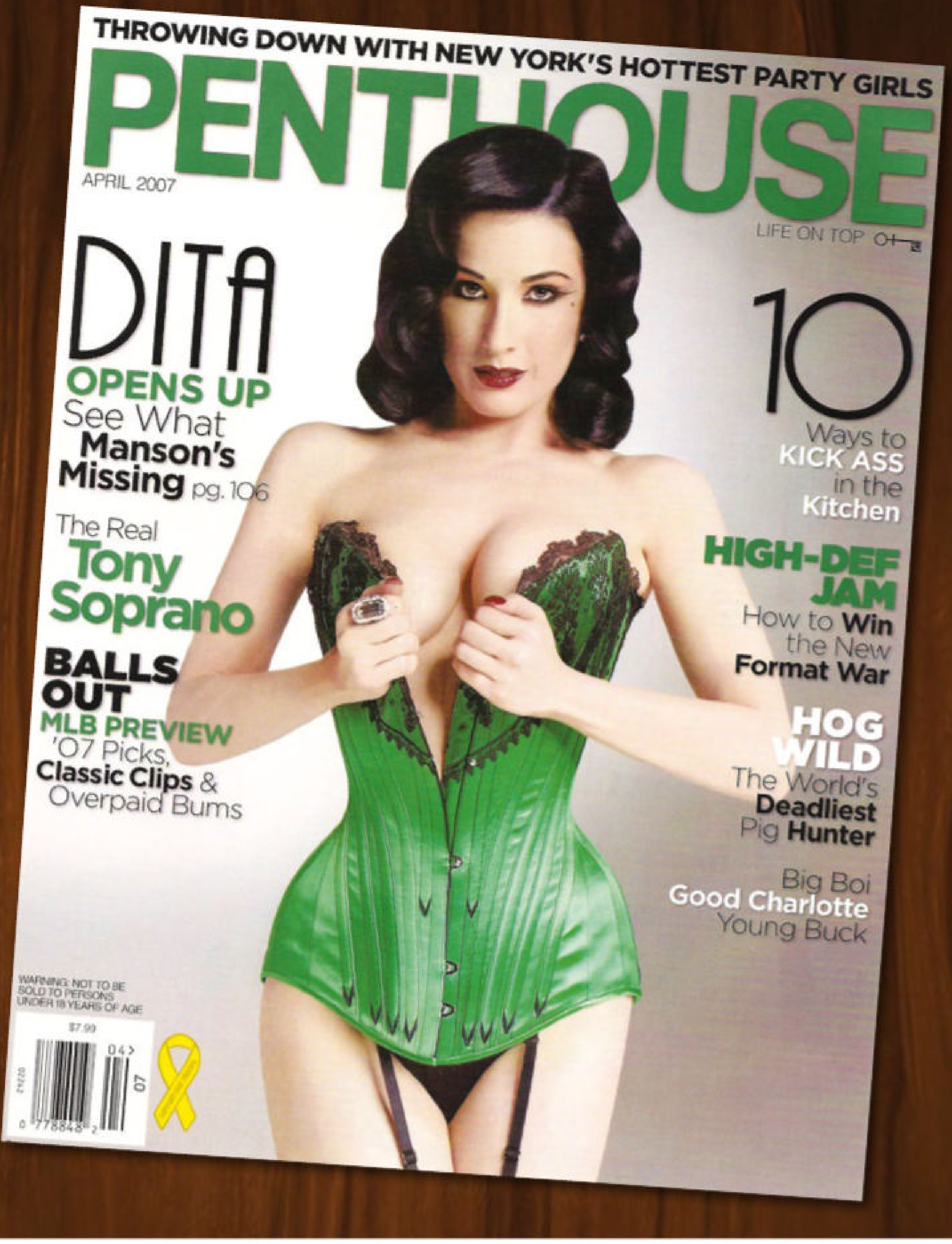
And that's how I lost my erection—and my job—in the same heart-stopping moment.

—K.D., New York, N.Y.

FLASHBACK

DITA OPENS UP

2007, VOL. 38, NO. 4
DITA VON TEESE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